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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *MAY 17, 1924* — NO. 4167

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DEBATING THE DAWES REPORT

A COMPREHENSIVE summary of European comment upon the Dawes Report would fill a sizable volume. The total impression it produces is that the optimism in America regarding immediate relief for political tension and business depression in Europe is oversanguine, but that none the less the Report represents definite progress toward something better. J. M. Keynes concludes an analysis of it in *The Nation and the Athenæum* as follows: —

> The Report is the finest contribution hitherto to this impossible problem. It breathes a new spirit and is conceived in a new vein. It achieves an atmosphere of impartiality, and exhibits scientific workmanship and sound learning. Though the language seems at times the language of a sane man who, finding himself in a madhouse, must accommodate himself to the inmates, it never loses its sanity. Though it compromises with the impossible and even contemplates the impossible, it never prescribes the impossible. This façade and these designs may never be realized in an edifice raised up in the light of day. But it is an honorable document and opens a new chapter.

M. J. Bonn, the German economist most nearly comparable with Keynes, considers the fundamental feature not the taxes that Germany shall pay, but how the Reparations payments shall be made to other countries, and believes the Report in this respect immeasurably superior to anything previously proposed by the Allies or by the German Government. He says, however, that a similar plan was drafted some time since by German officials, but pigeonholed on account of the opposition of powerful industrial interests. Germany must accept whatever burdens are imposed upon her in order to liberate the Rhineland and the Ruhr; but that liberation must be irrevocable so long as Germany complies with her obligations.

The editor of the *Outlook* is frankly skeptical — not of the reasonableness of the Report, which he considers 'sensible throughout,' but because

> First, I doubt if Germany will accept the Report; she has played for time, and by prolonging that process she can still hope that something will turn up. Secondly, I doubt if France will accept the remedy; M. Poincaré holds on to the Ruhr like one

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of Balzac's misers to his hoard. And thirdly, I doubt if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will enforce the Report on either of the two Continental Powers; neither the man himself nor the doctrines for which he stands seem to me to have sufficient force behind them to compel respect.

J. A. Hobson, in a letter to the *Times* which attracted attention from several British editors, finds one rather dangerous fact in the Report: —

The large and rising scale of Reparations will stimulate German industry and commerce to their utmost effort and will depress and cause a shrinkage in certain industries of Allied and neutral countries, especially in the former. When the unnamed total sum is paid, the German plant and labor directed to produce the surplus exports will still remain, and so will the established dependence of the foreign countries upon the receipt of these German goods. But as Reparations payments suddenly stop, the foreigners will find themselves in great straits when they seek to continue their customary purchases of these German goods. Germany will then be able to take back in her advantageous trade-position much of the Reparations she has paid.

The *New Statesman* thinks the Experts were wise in not naming a definite sum as the total of Germany's obligations, because such a figure would have given rise to endless disputes. It is better to leave that question for a few years, until Germany 'will be in a position to negotiate on more or less equal terms.'

The primary condition upon which it will be necessary for the British Government to insist is not merely that the French should withdraw from the Ruhr, but that they should give solid and unbreakable pledges never again to take measures calculated to destroy the economic life of Germany, without the full consent of their Allies.

Sisley Huddleston, writing from Paris to the same weekly, sees a possible stumblingblock in the sanctions against Germany which the Allies must take for the fulfillment of that country's promises.

To sum up, France is fairly satisfied with what she holds to be a political victory and at least a partial justification of her thesis. She is not likely to raise unnecessary obstacles to the fulfillment of the plan. But she is anxious that there should be realizations: that, whatever happens to the annuities which Germany is called upon to pay, the various shares which are allotted to the Reparations Commission shall be put on the market at a comparatively early date and that French credits shall be, to some extent, mobilized. France wants cash. In spite of the new taxation, France's chief difficulties are budgetary. If it could be shown that capital sums can be raised which will supply France's pressing needs and enable her to right her finances, the Report would be welcomed with real enthusiasm.

London financial journals like the *Economist* and the *Statist* approve the Report. The *Economist* congratulates itself that

there are new forces at work which neither M. Poincaré nor the German Right can afford to ignore. The United States press has acclaimed the Experts' proposals as just, as well as sound. The world sees that one more chance has been given to the statesmen of Europe, and world opinion will not lightly forgive the statesman, be he British, French, or German, who does not exert to the full his authority and good-will to build upon the foundations which the Experts have given us the bridge which will lead Europe at last to peace, security, and settlement. Literally, it is now or never.

The *Statist* believes 'the document as a whole is above criticism,' but discovers certain defects in detail.

The first is that it makes the various parts of the scheme too interdependent — the breakdown of one part may mean the wrecking of the whole scheme. Thus, at the very outset, the success of the plan depends on the successful flotation of an international loan for 800 million gold marks and of 300 millions of the proposed capital of

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the bank of issue, as well as, possibly, of thirteen billions in railway ordinary and two billions in preference shares — equivalent in the aggregate to approximately £805 million sterling. If we exclude the ordinary shares of the railway company, which the German Government may elect not to sell, the total becomes the still formidable one of £155 million. No provision — as, for instance, postponement of the operation of the scheme — is made for the event of these issues not being absorbed by investors.

Again, the Reparations payments are provided from three sources: (1) assigned revenues, (2) railway bonds, and (3) industrial debentures. But, if either or both of the latter sources fail altogether or prove inadequate, it is proposed that the assigned revenues bear the whole cost of meeting the schedule of payments. Therefore, in the event of a serious epidemic of industrial failures or losses in Germany, or if the German railways, which have been run at a heavy loss since the Armistice, do not come up to the rather sanguine expectations of the Experts as a profit-earning concern, it is conceivable that the additional burden thrown on the assigned revenues may be so great as to upset the Budget equilibrium and so wreck the whole scheme. The Report covers such a contingency by statement of the principle that if the Reparations payments prove so onerous as to endanger Germany's currency stability, the only possible course is to modify the Treaty changes. This, however, is unquestionably insufficient, especially as the viewpoint of private investors has to be considered, and we think that the Experts should have set a definite limit to the additional Reparations demand that may be made on the Commissioner of Controlled Revenues in the by no means improbable event of the railways not proving sufficiently remunerative, or of failure on the part of industrial companies to meet the service of their debentures.

Another serious objection to the Experts' scheme is that it places the private investors in the proposed international loan, in the bank of issue stock, and in the railway preference shares on the same uncertain footing, as regards security, as Germany's Reparations creditors. We are aware that the fact of not fixing the total of Germany's debt does not affect the security for the loan, provided that the annuities payable by Germany during the period of amortization of the loan are within her capacity. Yet, undoubtedly, the Experts should have recommended more tangible security for the proposed flotations, at least for the international loan, and should, indeed, have recommended that the service of this loan take precedence of Reparations.

The *Irish Statesman* commends the Report, but bewails the fact that its application will be left to the politicians:—

> They can be trusted to do their best to twist the findings into a form acceptable to themselves and in harmony with the methods they have been pursuing since the Armistice.

The British daily press is almost unanimous in its commendation. Even J. A. Spender, writing in the *Westminster Gazette*, affirms that

> We know now the utmost — expressed in terms of annuities — that Germany can, on the most favorable hypothesis, be expected to pay for as many years as any of us can look ahead. We know that the problem can never be solved by the French exploitation of the Ruhr or unless the French take their hands off the Ruhr. The Experts are unanimous and emphatic that all their proposals rest on the assumption that German economic sovereignty will be restored and that these proposals are otherwise not worth considering. Finally, they make the distinction, upon which some of us have hammered so long but with so little effect, between the wealth that may exist or can be created in Germany and the wealth that can be transferred to other countries.

One must turn to France and Germany for hedgers and critics. *Le Progrès Civique*, which wastes no love on Poincaré, accuses him of political juggling — 'approving the Dawes Report in principle, and disputing it in reality.' *Journal des Débats* says the Report

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brings Frenchmen 'numerous sources of satisfaction and some serious apprehension,' but it is the best that could be expected of 'international Experts.' But the qualifications, after all, relate mainly to enforcement. 'If we consent in the general interest of peace and in the hope of hastening the world's economic reconstruction to proposals that leave heavy burdens upon French taxpayers for many years to come, we are entitled to demand that our friends and Allies join us in exacting the strict execution of the plan adopted.' *Le Temps* contents itself with discussing the practical question of how the findings are to be applied in actual operation and defines France's attitude as what we should call Missourian. *Corriere della Sera* hails the Report as 'a document to be read with great satisfaction. It is clear, logical, moderate, and persuasive.'

Prager Tagblatt, the organ of the Bohemian Germans, characterizes the Report as 'a stern judgment — which condemns with great vigor and decision the annexation of the German Rhineland and Ruhr railways' and other seizures of German territories and properties. This journal considers the financial obligations that Germany would have to assume unduly heavy,

GENERAL DAWES. — *Matin*

but it concludes that 'upon the whole, the findings of the Experts are very sensible and at times courageous; they will contribute more to the peace of Europe than the Versailles Treaty, drafted by politicians and generals. They are severe, but with the severity of truth and justice.' Even the Nationalist press in Germany, after a preliminary gesture of disappointment, shows a disposition in several instances to accept the inevitable. Conservative *Der Tag* says that the fact that the recommendations in the Report are so much more tolerable than the London Ultimatum 'inevitably renders it impossible for us to reject its proposals as completely unacceptable.' *Preussische Kreutzzeitung* says that 'a blunt rejection is, in view of the situation, not unqualifiedly necessary. A waiting attitude is preferable, in order that Germany may not incur the reproach of being utterly intractable.' *Deutsche Zeitung*, an ultra-chauvinist organ, exclaims: 'Why should we bother with the thing, for it is utterly impossible,' and the editor of *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, the organ of the German Nationalist Party, declaims against the Report as follows: —

> On the whole, we must declare with emphasis that the proposals of the Experts place economic obligations on Germany that are for the most part absolutely insane. The fact that they do not fix a limit to the Reparations payments makes them under such conditions still more intolerable. We can only reply to the statement in General Dawes's Report that Germany's rejection will plunge the German people into hopeless misery: 'It is impossible to conceive worse misery than Germany would invite by accepting these crazy proposals. Better a horrible end than an endless horror.'

RUSSIA AND CHINA

NEGOTIATIONS between Russia and China at last reports had been broken

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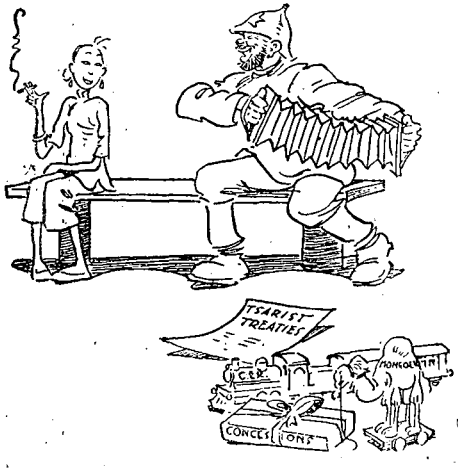
off, and if we are to believe the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* French diplomacy was the chief obstacle that prevented their success. At one time it was reported that the Soviet emissary, Karakhan, and the Chinese Government had actually come to an agreement, but the French Minister at Peking interposed a veto, by informing the Chinese Government that it could not do as it liked regarding the Chinese Eastern Railway — in other words, that the shareholders, 'sixty per cent of whom are Frenchmen,' must have their say. This contradicts the memorandum of the Subcommittee that reported on this railway at the Washington Conference: —

> The status of the Chinese Eastern Railway is determined by the contract between China and the Russo-Chinese (Russo-Asiatic) Bank, concluded in 1896, and the contract concluded in 1898 between China and the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, and subsequent contracts between China and that company. The necessary funds for its construction were furnished by the Russian Government, and it was built under the direction and supervision of that Government, acting through the Chinese Eastern Railway Company. The railway is in effect the property of the Russian Government. China has certain ultimate reversionary rights which are provided for in the original contract of 1896.

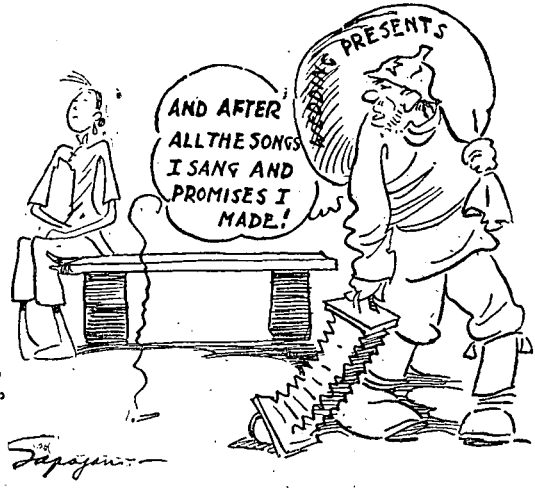
Japanese press comment varies with the political bent of the editors. Strongly Nationalist papers are inclined to rejoice that dissension has been sown between their big mainland neighbors. For one thing, — as *Hochi*, a militarist journal, remarks, — had Russia resumed normal diplomatic relations with China, it would have been more difficult for Japan to refuse Moscow's proffered hand. Osaki *Mainichi*, like most of its colleagues, scouts the idea that the obstacle to an agreement was Mongolia, as was officially alleged, and finds it in the Chinese Eastern Railway question. However, some papers, notably *Asahi*, believe the prime cause of the rupture was domestic political strife in China — the fear of party leaders that the successful conclusion of the negotiations might benefit some rival more than themselves.

The *China Weekly Review* gives still another version of these negotiations. According to its contributor, the Chinese Government, hard pressed for money, hit upon a brilliant idea: —

From the *North China Herald*



A Russian Wooing.



A Chinese Rejection

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Let's recognize Russia and we can make a sizable loan on the Russian share of the Boxer indemnity which is to be remitted under the conditional agreement. Then it was that M. de Fleuriau, undoubtedly with the advice and consent of the American, British, and Japanese Ministers, sent his little note to the Foreign Office March 13. It was a warning about not interfering with the Chinese Eastern Railway without the consent of the French 'stockholders,' of doing nothing to cause France to delay ratifying the Washington treaties.

*

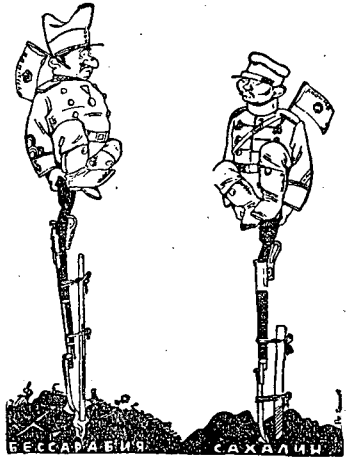
MINOR NOTES

COUNT RICHARD NICOLAUS COUDENHOVE-KALERGI, who has written an able book entitled *Pan-Europa*, contributed a leading article to the March 25 issue of *Vossische Zeitung*, commending Pan-Americanism and its political organs, the Pan-American Congresses and the Pan-American Union, as a model for Europe to copy. In fact, a Pan-European Union has already been organized, though not, so far as we are aware, with the official countenance of any Government. Its headquarters are at Gumpendorferstrasse 87, Vienna.

ROMAIN ROLLAND has written a letter to the Minister of Public Instruction of Mexico congratulating him upon the public-school campaign his Government is conducting. Among other things he said: —

I have often been pained to witness the humiliation that the glorious Latin races of America have suffered. They must be encouraged, inspired not with the ambition of national or racial supremacy, but with love for humanity as a whole. . . . The world needs a vigorous reaction on their part against the Anglo-Saxon races that tend to dominate the universe. The Latins of America and Europe do not possess in the same degree as the Anglo-Saxons of Europe — especially the English élite, which has preserved so carefully its glorious traditions and its independence from its country's heroic age — the sentiment of political liberty; but the Latins far excel the Anglo-Saxons in liberty of spirit, or at least in a gift for intellectual independence that balks no barriers in its pursuit of truth. Above all, those races have a living and passionate consciousness of beauty. They oppose to the narrow morality of the Anglo-Saxons a wholesome and complete development of all the faculties and functions of our being.

RUMANIAN BESSARABIA — JAPANESE SAKHALIN



Foreign shoots that won't strike root in Russian soil. — *Izvestia*

LUDENDORFF'S ACQUITTAL

GERMAN JUSTICE (*standing on* ZEIGNER, *incarcerated pacifist*). Long live Ludendorff! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Long live the Fatherland and Justice! — *Notenkraker*

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A FRENCH DEBATE ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

[*The* Groupement universitaire pour la Société des Nations, *a French student-organization with branches in practically every higher institution of learning in France, is trying to cultivate a spirit of international understanding among the university men and women of that country. We publish below two informal addresses given under its auspices. The first is by M. Paul Reynaud, a member of the French Chamber, connected with the Comité des Forges, and the second by M. Robert de Jouvenel, — not to be confounded with Henry de Jouvenel, senator and editor of* Le Matin, *— a brilliant Radical journalist.*]

From *La Grande Revue, March*
(Paris Liberal Literary Monthly)

I

Last year, when I was in England to deliver some lectures, a British friend advised me: 'Talk about the League of Nations. Everyone here thinks that France is skeptical, disillusioned, ironical, and hostile to the League.'

Ladies and gentlemen, I defended you the best I could. I told the story of the Hotel Crillon. I said to my English audiences: 'The League of Nations? We 'd like to have a more beautiful one than you have given us. We love it as it is. But recall the famous séance of M. Léon Bourgeois, representing the French Government, — or M. Clemenceau, if you please, — President Wilson representing the United States, and M. Lloyd George representing the British Empire. Who then wanted to give the League of Nations effective power and who refused? The English are island dwellers. That is a fine situation. They are safe from sudden knocks. The Americans live on a roomy, comfortable continent, lapped by two oceans. But we? And that is just why we should be the last people in the world to be skeptical or flippant toward the League of Nations. If the League does not work, we are the ones who shall shed tears of blood.'

I insist that there is no nation that needs the League of Nations more than we do.

After a war that we did not want, a treaty has been made. What is a treaty? A contract that fixes the balance of power at a given moment. Now it happens that this balance of power does not prove to our advantage. It turns out that France, on account of her diminished population; that the little States, created by the Treaty of Versailles; that Poland, to whom they said: 'You have been in the tomb more than a century — rise and walk'; that Czechoslovakia, created ready-made — it turns out that every State that is a beneficiary of the Versailles Treaty needs outside help in order to maintain the balance of power upon which a reorganization of the world depends.

What outside help? We tried to ensure it when the Treaty was drafted. We failed. There is left the League of Nations.

What is the League of Nations? Is it more than a moral force? If it were merely a moral force, it would still be a force. I believe it is more.

Something new has been set up at Geneva. An atmosphere has been created, among an international circle of public men, propitious to the development of a European spirit.

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The English used to breed public men. They succeeded in producing — in 'turning out,' as manufacturers say to-day — a Pitt at twenty-one. At Geneva we take ordinary public men forty years old and within a comparatively short time we turn them out European statesmen. (*Laughter and applause*)

A European statesman is a man filled not only with the spirit of his own country but with something additional, with a superspirit that makes it easier for him than it is for the average public man to agree with other Europeans.

We learned during the war that if you mix up different nationalities the result is disaster. If you bring together several thousand Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans, they soon start to punch each other's heads. (*Laughter*)

We learned another thing immediately after the war: that if you suddenly bring two political leaders, with their retinue of journalists, face to face, but with each watching his own parliament and home politics through the corner of his eye, you do not get anywhere.

We must admit that things go better at Geneva. Here is an example: two eminent statesmen, Lloyd George representing England, and Briand representing France, were hopelessly at loggerheads over Upper Silesia. The dispute was transferred to Geneva. Léon Bourgeois took Briand's place, and Lord Balfour took Lloyd George's place. Within a few months the dispute was settled. That is what your League of Nations can do already. (*Applause*)

Does this mean that I consider the criticisms we French direct against the League of Nations entirely unjustified? No. If there is a real conflict of opinion between the Anglo-Saxon nations and the French upon this question — a conflict between insular optimism and continental pessimism — it is because the League of Nations satisfies a mystical longing that has possessed the Anglo-Saxon soul ever since the birth of Puritanism, and also because our English friends have no fault to find with its sufficiency. I do not mean that they are insensible to the importance of a strong and effective League, for they seek equally security and mystical satisfaction; but they know how to gratify their sense of security in a different way. Only the other day a Labor Cabinet, whose members have always declaimed in public meetings against war vessels, armaments, and military airplanes, as things abominable in the sight of the Lord — these same gentlemen, while venerating the League of Nations, were moved by their craving for security to launch five new cruisers. (*Laughter and applause*)

Just now the Labor Government offers us, on that marvelous stage, the Mediterranean, a magnificent spring ballet of dreadnoughts, cruisers, torpedo boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, and submarines, supported by Gibraltar on one wing and Malta on the other, and Spain applauding before the footlights. (*Applause*)

Lord Parmoor, a Labor minister, said the other day in the House of Lords: 'I beg you, gentlemen, to understand that, while we are Laborists, idealism must not run away with plain common-sense.' That is a thought I should like to inscribe at the head of this discussion. Idealism, yes, but common-sense also. (*Applause*)

Two problems confront us — security and Reparations. States are becoming more closely associated with each other. It is a long time now since nations were separated by frontiers across which they merely exchanged a few bales of merchandise and occa-

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sionally a princess. (*Laughter*) The interdependence of nations increases daily, whether we like it or not. We must learn to live together with our neighbors — we must create a code of Europe.

Safety? We have tried, as I have just said, to secure it through an international body. That is something that has not been tried since the twelfth century, if I am not mistaken. I believe it was in the twelfth century that the Knights Templars and the Knights of Malta fought and bled for an international power, — the Church, — trying to establish a little order in the chaos of the Middle Ages. They failed because Europe was really a shattered mirror. To-day, in an age of great Powers, we may perhaps fare better.

After Léon Bourgeois received his rebuff at the Hotel Crillon, we took a step backward in our search for security. We asked our Allies to sign a guaranty treaty. England and America signed — but the signatures of statesmen! You know what happened to that treaty.

Thereupon we took other steps backward. We plunged into the path of reaction. We tried to conclude a treaty of guaranty with England alone. We said to the English: 'The Americans do not want anything more to do with us. Their country is far away. They have done all they are going to do for a continent that seems to them a conglomeration of insupportable, pugnacious, incorrigible peoples. But you Englishmen must fight for life. You should reconsider your refusal, based upon a little too shrewd interpretation of the peace treaty, and sign a guaranty pact with us.'

They discussed the matter, and discussed the matter. They are talking about it yet.

I believe such a treaty was wrong in principle. Choosing a very pretty image of speech, we said: 'We Western democracies — Belgium, England, and France — have a common frontier, the Rhine. Let us defend the Rhine.' Lloyd George proposed to give us this guaranty for ten years, but that was just the period when we had nothing to fear, because during that time we shall have soldiers on the Rhine. To be exact, I ought to add that he was inclined to extend the guaranty from ten to twenty years, which is not very long, but without a military convention.

Poincaré replied: 'My country will not have it at any price.' I personally believe that the whole idea of using the Rhine boundary was wrong. When we start to break a chain we attack the weakest link. Now France is not the weakest link in the chain of nations that surrounds Germany. If Germany should attack Poland or Czechoslovakia, for instance, and France sprang to that country's defense, the treaty would fail, and we should find ourselves in a position of moral as well as material inferiority, and additionally prejudiced by the fact that the treaty did not apply.

We need something else and something better. It would take too long to recall all the discussion at Geneva on this subject of security. After two years of seemingly fruitless debate, we have at length reached the point where the League of Nations has consented to tolerate certain military treaties, subject to the condition that they are placed more or less under its own supervision, that they are animated by its own spirit, and that they seek the same ends that it does. Thus, not long ago, we had the pleasure of signing an accord between France and Czechoslovakia, which has been certified to the League of Nations, and will be promulgated by that body. And we have grounds for hoping that this

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idea can be developed until we shall have forged a chain of defense strong enough to guard us against danger of war.

A few weeks ago we had the pleasure of greeting another new tendency. I refer to a passage in the second letter that Ramsay MacDonald wrote to Poincaré — the passage relative to security. I am surprised that it has not aroused more attention. After affirming, most positively and with perfect justification, that his country had nothing to fear either on land or sea, the British Premier suggested the possibility of establishing neutral zones under international control. That is a very important suggestion. It would bring us back to the French idea of a League of Nations police force. It is a return to the Hotel Crillon. Ramsay MacDonald has not yet outlined the idea except with great reserve and caution. The English Premier is a misunderstood man. He is a timid disciple — but none the less a disciple — of Clemenceau. (*Laughter*)

If the idea of Ramsay MacDonald should triumph, if the League of Nations should exercise collective control through an international police force under its direction, if it should set up French, British, and Italian garrisons under the command of an officer responsible to itself, in a zone either in France or in Germany, or in both France and Germany, or in Poland and Germany, or in any other country, we shall have made immense progress. We shall have got beyond the old policy of private military conventions between particular countries into a broader, ampler, more general sphere of international peace enforcement. (*Applause*)

We come now to the problem of Reparations. I asked an officer of the League of Nations the other day: 'Since the League has assisted successfully in settling the financial difficulties of Austria and Hungary, is n't there some possibility that it may help us settle the Reparations question?' The gentleman replied that we might appeal to the Council of the League. I objected to this that if we did this the interested Governments, as parties to the dispute, could not vote on the question. We should have to leave the League's decision to Uruguay and the representatives of other outside Governments. But the gentleman pointed out — and I fancy he was right — that we might submit the Reparations question to the League Council, not as a dispute between certain members of the League, but *in abstracto*, as a matter likely to disturb the peace of the world. In that case, the interested States would have the right to vote.

I added that those who wanted to submit the problem to the League believed that Germany should be a member. Most of them also think that she should be represented on the Council. That would present, in my mind, a grave difficulty. Since all Council decisions must be unanimous, Germany's refusal would keep the whole settlement in suspense. . . .

I personally think it would be shirking responsibility for us to refer the problem of our relations with Germany to the League. Our economic bargains with that country should be made face to face. There will be no peace in Europe until that problem is settled, whether the solution comes through peace or through war. The Treaty of Versailles has shifted a frontier — thank God! — so that it passes between a great coal-deposit and a great iron-deposit, where a mighty industry had established itself across them both at a time when they were under one flag. Does this not create a vital issue between the two States? Unless we receive the seven million tons of coal

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that our industry needs, our furnaces will lie idle, and unless we receive that coal at a price that permits us to export our products — inasmuch as we can now make six million tons of steel more than we need at home — we cannot live. But neither can Germany live. The solution of the Reparations problem is tied up with the development of Germany's wealth and the development of the wealth of France. We must settle directly with Germany. We must settle by a face-to-face bargain. Then you can go to Geneva; then you can ask the League of Nations to bless your work. You can say to the League: 'Here is what we have agreed upon — give it your approval. We have arranged for certain agencies of control. You go ahead and provide them.' It is in that way, in my opinion, the League of Nations can help to save Europe.

And in conclusion I wish to say to you young people: the thought that you young men who are the France of to-morrow give to the League of Nations is given to the progress of your country. Your thought, yes, for the thinking of young men is the action of to-morrow. When, a few years from now, you sit in our legislative halls, you will be better prepared than we are, you will adapt yourselves more readily than we can, to a new system. Be assured that when that time comes our tired hands will be only too glad to pass on the torch to you. (*Long applause*)

II

THE theme of to-day's discussion is this: Can the League save Europe? M. Paul Reynaud seems to say in substance that the League cannot do so. (*Applause*) It cannot do so, he says, because we still cling to our old skepticism and old traditions. We must defer this labor to our posterity. Thereby he voluntarily classes himself among the old men, which I find personally very disagreeable of him, for he is younger than I am. (*Laughter*) He tells us that future generations will be better prepared than we are to utilize this League of Nations, that we must treat it very tenderly as yet, or else we shall overtax it. Now I see the problem in a quite different way.

I imagine that we are really considering two opposite ideas — one is to solve our problem of security and Reparations by a direct settlement between France and Germany; the other is to refer it to the League of Nations. M. Reynaud has just described vividly the interdependence that exists between the French industry of Lorraine and the Germany industry of the Ruhr. He has pointed out that the present economic organization of Europe is less than half a century old, that it is the work of the Germans, who then owned Lorraine and would not have built the great factories and works there had not the coal of the Ruhr been easily accessible within the same frontiers.

We might go further and point out that during the war France, being deprived of her great industries in the North, built up a new manufacturing centre in the middle of the country, and that since the war she has notwithstanding this rebuilt her ruined factories and works in the North. Then we should add that she has recovered possession of Lorraine and has annexed economically the great works and factories there. Meanwhile Germany, having lost her works and factories in Lorraine, has built new ones to replace them in the Ruhr. The outcome is that we now witness the paradoxical spectacle of a Europe impoverished by five years of war, and

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obliged to reduce its consumption to correspond, simultaneously multiplying its instrumentalities of production. (*Applause*)

It is evident that this Europe is having a hard time to survive. M. Reynaud seems justified in telling us that the French and the Germans should come to an agreement in order to restore a little order and measure in international production.

But is the problem of the Ruhr, the Saar, and Lorraine the only economic problem that Europe faces? M. Reynaud has just spoken of Upper Silesia, another economic problem between Germany and Poland, and of Teschen, still another involving not only Germany and Poland, but also Czechoslovakia.

We might add a petroleum problem. The oil-fields of Galicia and of former Russian Poland are coveted by several nations. Indeed, all the most promising petroleum-fields are separated politically from the largest users of that commodity. Frontiers have been multiplied in Europe until her old centres of production, which were adjusted to well-defined markets, are to-day cut off from their traditional consumers.

How then shall we solve this problem, which involves not only Germany and France but every great producing region in the continent? How shall we set again in circulation the lifeblood of international commerce, stopped today by so many new frontiers?

For over and above the question of raw materials and markets we have further the question of seaports. Think of what an extraordinary continent we live in, where scarcely a nation has adequate access to the sea. We used to regard Switzerland as a very abnormal country, because she had no such outlet. Consider how many Switzerlands there are to-day — Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia; Poland — with but a precarious corridor to tidewater; Rumania and Bulgaria — with only closed seas to receive their commerce. Great Yugoslavia has an immense coast-line without a single improved harbor, while Italy holds Trieste and Fiume and other ports that have no hinterland. Do you think such a Europe can live?

Evidently the Versailles Treaty is a tissue of defects, but it is not utterly irrational. It was drafted to solve the problem of nationalities — a problem of high importance. But now that we have solved the problem of nationalities it is rather important to see that these new nations are able to live. (*Applause*)

The Versailles Treaty unfortunately overlooked that point. No, I should not say 'overlooked.' It provided for it in the League Covenant. In other words, its makers, realizing how imperfect and provisional their work was, began by creating an agency to correct its errors — an agency to settle the problem of raw materials, and to keep open the great channels of commerce without which economic life, political life, and peace itself are impossible.

I believe that the League of Nations is destined to play this part, is capable of performing this service of averting the only wars that I think threaten us hereafter — economic wars. M. Reynaud tells us that the League of Nations is not ripe for such work, that we must begin with the old diplomatic method of formal treaties, that peace or war depends on France and Germany settling between themselves the problems that simultaneously unite and separate them.

I ask myself how France and Germany alone can settle these vital problems of security and of Reparations. So far as security is concerned, I think we are agreed that it depends upon international action. Let us now consider

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Reparations. I know quite well that a project has been mooted — and you, my dear friend, have brilliantly defended it in the Chamber — to found a Franco-German consortium that is to promote the prosperity of both countries and guarantee the payment of Reparations. I deeply distrust this project. I distrust it in the first place because agreements between two parties are generally entered into against all other parties. (*Applause*) But I distrust it still more because I ask myself how such a consortium, containing Frenchmen who want to collect money and Germans who do not want to pay that money, is going to work in practice. If you wish men to coöperate in any project, is n't it rather important that they should have a common interest in its objects?

As I listened to this proposal, I recalled a conversation I recently had with a great industrialist, who explained to me with much conviction how necessary such a Franco-German consortium is. I said to him: 'My dear sir, I have just paid my taxes to-day. I had the curiosity to figure up what part of them was due to the indemnity that France paid to Germany in 1871 — for that indemnity still figures in our national taxes. I made it out at one per cent, and felt quite reconciled. However, if my tax bill had been divided this way — General Taxes, ninety-nine per cent; Indemnity to Germany, one per cent — I should have indignantly refused to pay the latter item, and every other Frenchman would have done the same.'

Now I fancy that if we are going to collect Reparations from Germany we shall have to enter them under another name in their tax bill, and the stumblingblock in such an agreement as you propose is precisely this — that the Germans would be constantly reminded of the share of their taxes that was going to pay their debt to France.

That is why I have no faith in a private bargain between the two nations. I believe it is more prudent, more wise, more reasonable, more practical, even at the risk of appealing to Uruguay, — which looks so disagreeable to M. Reynaud, — even at the risk of appealing to fifty-four nations all together, to stake our fortunes on their decision rather than upon a private agreement between two Governments.

How have the experts dealt with this problem? They began by finding out how they could give Germany a stable money — that is, a money that would serve for payments. That is a problem easily solved by scientific financiers. The solution consists in establishing a sound bank of issue. It was the easier arrived at because in the meantime the Germans had already solved it for themselves.

The next step was to provide this bank of issue with sufficient resources to shoulder the burden of disbursing the Reparations payments. We already had well-reasoned reports upon that subject, all of which recommended allotting certain German revenues to the payment of Reparations — income from the railways, customs duties, and the monopolies.

Here a third question arose: how to transfer the wealth thus concentrated in the German bank to the Allies. That was a far more delicate problem, and — speaking while we still have only conjectures as to what the report contains — I am disposed to credit the general opinion that the experts adopted the solution of not solving it. (*Laughter*)

But, assuming for the sake of argument that it is solved, there is still a fourth step, and the most difficult of all, for it touches international interests everywhere. It may be expressed

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thus: having settled the Reparations question theoretically, industrial competition will be resumed throughout the world just as it was before the war. Under what conditions will it come back? Germany has an intact industrial plant. Her excess of births over deaths exceeds that of almost every other country. She has nearly restored her merchant marine. Most important of all, she has wiped out her domestic debt by the depreciation of the mark. Meanwhile France is paying sixteen billion francs a year on her loan account, and the sum is still growing. England is similarly burdened. Even the United States has to exert herself to wipe out her domestic debt. Meanwhile Germany enters the field of international competition with her industrial plant unimpaired, and without any such budgetary burdens. That is how her manufacturers and merchants will face their competitors not only in France, but also in England, America, and other countries.

This is a situation fraught with peril for all nations. How shall we solve it? There is only one solution. Unless Germany is to beat all her rivals in competition for the world's business, she must be made to bear her share of the enormous debt-burden that rests upon the Allies. She must be compelled to shoulder a foreign debt in place of the domestic debt she has escaped. In other words, she must be compelled to pay Reparations. (*Applause*)

If she escapes paying Reparations we are not the only ones who shall suffer. All other nations will suffer likewise. International competition will become impossible. Now if we put the question this way, in its international aspect, don't you see that the whole world is interested in our cause, that all other nations will insist that Germany pay Reparations, not only as a matter of justice, but as a matter of private interest for themselves?

Instead of that, what do we see today? An incredible situation. Every other country — I repeat it, every country — is apparently convinced that so long as France insists on the payment of Reparations peace is impossible and ruin menaces us all. It is extraordinary to see how totally they misconceive their own interests. But it is still more extraordinary, if this is possible, that France should have failed so utterly to show other countries not only the justice of her cause, but the fact that her cause is likewise their cause. That, ladies and gentlemen, is a reason why I have more confidence in a settlement made under the auspices of fifty-four Governments than in one made under the auspices of two. Only, if we appeal to the fifty-four, we must plead our cause intelligently.

I recall in this connection a gentleman who has not left in history the reputation of a great idealist. He was called Talleyrand. (*Laughter*) When Talleyrand arrived at the Congress of Vienna, he likewise found a large number of nations represented. There were not quite fifty-four, but at least twenty or thirty. Talleyrand therefore was confronted by twenty or thirty nations who had come together to divide the spoils of France. They greeted his arrival with no pleasure. He met quite a number of rebuffs, which he relates in his memoirs. But finally, slipping from the reception room of one diplomat to that of another, he managed to get an audience with Tsar Alexander of Russia. Alexander asked him a little roughly — for there had been some unpleasant passages between them before this — what he had come to Vienna for; and Talleyrand answered gravely: 'I have come to defend a principle.'

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Talleyrand defending a principle! That was enough to surprise even Tsar Alexander. (*Laughter*) 'What principle?' he asked.

'The principle of legitimacy,' said Talleyrand. In private he called it the 'prejudice' of legitimacy. (*Laughter*)

'So far as principles are concerned,' said Tsar Alexander, 'I have only one. What I 've got I keep!'

'Then,' relates Talleyrand in a letter to Louis XVI, 'I dropped my arms by my side and beat my head against the wall, crying: "Europe! Poor Europe!"'

There was a scene from a comedy for you, played by an actor letter-perfect in his part!

Tsar Alexander turned away, irritated and indignant. Nevertheless, Talleyrand continued to chase around Vienna with his foundling principle, if I may so describe it, in his arms, offering it to everyone. Some weeks later, when the Allies could not agree over a division of the spoils of France, they commenced to regard Talleyrand with a more favorable eye, and to say to him: 'So you have a solution? You?'

Metternich was the first to get this idea, followed quickly by Nesselrode. Finally everyone was coming to Talleyrand and asking: 'Your principle — what is it, anyway?'

Thereupon Talleyrand drew a map of Europe, which was practically the one the Congress finally approved, on which he traced the new frontiers so as to give every 'legitimate' sovereign the realms that historically belonged to his family. The old Jacobin must have chuckled gleefully to himself when he did it.

Nevertheless, they accepted his plan in the end — because they had no better one. Such is the strength of principles, even among men who have n't any!

Well now, what did we see in 1919? We beheld a great citizen who likewise had his principles — President Wilson. (*Lively applause*) He came to Europe, where Governments were wrangling over how much each should get, and said: 'I represent a principle, and I bring it to you in the name of a superior morality.' We soon learned, alas, that it was only in the name of a superior morality — that he did not bring it in the name of his country. (*Applause*)

Nevertheless, the principle, or rather the principles, of President Wilson determined the Versailles Treaty. To-day, whether we like it or not, the map of Europe is drawn according to principles — according to a 'superior morality.'

People may say that the League of Nations has not accomplished a wonderful amount. Upper Silesia, Austria, Hungary — they are something at least; yet it may be argued with some show of justice that they are not a great deal. But if you will take the trouble to count up the settlements that the Foreign Offices, which M. Reynaud trusts so implicitly, have made during the past five years, how many will you find? For my part, I cannot find any. (*Applause*)

That is why I ask you to trust the League, to trust it as a harbinger of hope, for what it is doing — modest as that may be — from day to day. It is striving to enforce a certain minimum of morality in the universe, and that is not altogether wasted effort. But there is something greater that we expect from it. I ask you to trust it and to believe in it, not only as an agency that registers and standardizes treaties voluntarily made between Governments, but as an agency to draft the peace code of the world. I ask you to confide in it not only as a work of the spirit, but also in the same way you trust your Fatherland. (*Enthusiastic applause*)

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PALESTINE UNDER THE MANDATE

BY MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN

[Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, is known all over the world as a platform speaker and writer. She is a member of the Executive of the British Labor Party. Several paragraphs of little interest except to British readers have been omitted.]

From the *Empire Review, April*
(London Public-Affairs Monthly)

The need of rest and the prescription of a sea-voyage took me recently by water from London to Port Said; but the Jewish problem in Eastern Europe, the pogroms of the Ukraine, and the terrible menace overshadowing the Jewish populations in Poland and Russia deflected my mind from the fascinations of the Nile toward the bleak hills of Judea. Was it possible, I questioned, that an international solution of the Jewish problem satisfying to the religious feelings of mankind was in process of accomplishment?

I represented nobody but myself. Nobody commissioned me to go to Palestine. No organization paid my expenses. No other purpose influenced me in going than to get at the facts.

For something over a month I spent an average of twelve hours a day visiting Jewish colonies of all types, exploring the scenes of interesting social and industrial experiments, examining Government institutions and enterprises, looking over Arab schools, tents, and mosques, and making pilgrimages to various religious sites. I interviewed no fewer than two hundred persons of all classes, conditions, and creeds who claimed to know what they were talking about, and it is the conclusion to which all this has led that I desire to state.

With memories of the unspeakable filth of Astrakhan and the scarcely less poisonous odors of Batum and Trebizond in mind, imagine my surprise to find Jerusalem as clean as Canterbury, and much more sanitary than many an English village, possessing a water supply, good drainage, and electricity. The Government is fighting a winning battle with infectious diseases. It is filling the country with schools as fast as funds will permit. Its main roads are good. Law and order within its boundaries are gradually becoming the accepted facts of life. Agriculture is beginning to flourish. Industry promises to do so in the near future when the Power Company has developed its enterprises. I am credibly informed that taxation is no higher than in the Turkish days, but it is enforced, and it is made difficult for the wealthy to escape their due share by placing it on the shoulders of the fellaheen. The cost of all this is borne by the Palestinians themselves, and the gradually decreasing sums exacted from the taxpayers for the upkeep of the small military establishment of Palestine will come very close to vanishing point as the value of ordered and peaceful life becomes evident.

A great deal of unnecessary fear and suspicion was at first created in the minds of the Arabs and their supporters in this country by the neglect of the British Government to make clear the precise meaning of what is known as

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the Balfour Declaration: the policy of a National Home for the Jews. Much harm was done in the early days through the interpretation which extreme Zionists and their exuberant propagandists, either through deadly ignorance of political facts in Palestine and elsewhere, or through the believed necessity of enthusing to practical purpose the Jews of the entire world, placed upon it. From the beginning the moderate Jews have seen the folly of this, of raising hopes which could not be realized, and which ought never to be achieved by the power of might.

What the British Government means by a National Home for the Jews, what the League of Nations endorses, and what the Zionist Executive accepts, is not a dominant Jewish Power in Palestine, but a coöperation between Arabs and Jews in the making of a Palestinian nation; the Jews to be encouraged and helped to develop their own culture, to use their own language and enlarge their own institutions; the Jews to be in Palestine by right and not, as formerly, on sufferance; the Jews to be permitted immigration of their fellow Jews on conditions framed to preserve intact the economic life of the nation; Jews and Arabs to have full and equal electoral rights and privileges in the gradually to be democratized Palestinian State.

Agitation against this policy is conducted through what is called the Christian-Moslem Association, a nonelected and nonrepresentative body which has no mandate from the population as a whole. Of this organization the Moslems are the body and the Christians the brain. The results of its labors are not manifest to the nonpolitical traveler. The ordinary tourist can visit the mosques, stroll through the bazaars, motor from end to end of Palestine and never see a sign of political unrest. In Palestine can be seen Jews and Moslems working together in the fields and on the roads; supping from the same pot in goatskin tents; buying and selling to one another and to the tourists in the markets, the Arab intelligence as quick as that of the Jew in striking a bargain.

The Arabs are a passionate, fanatical people, and their anger easily flares up; so that when they are told by unscrupulous agitators that the Jews are coming to steal their women, sacrifice their children, rob them of their land, and drive them out of the country, that they spit on their shrines, destroy their holy places, and insult their Prophet, they loot and outrage and kill.

According to Government reports, in every disturbance which has taken place since the beginning of the occupation the Arabs were the first offenders; though in one or two cases, as in the Jaffa riots, some of the exasperated Jews revenged themselves with an emulative ferocity which placed them, along with their Arab tormentors, below the level of the brutes.

The boycott of the recent elections to the proposed Legislative Assembly by large numbers of Arabs is often quoted as substantial evidence of a deep-seated and widespread discontent. Out of a possible 809 secondary electors only about 250 were elected, 90 Jews and about 160 Arabs. But, although directions not to vote were issued by the effendi members of the Palestine-Arab Congress, the noncoöperation was due in no small measure to apathy, to lack of confidence that representative persons would be elected, and to a feeling among the population that a Legislative Council would not bring any better government or any better protection of their interests than that already afforded by the present Palestine Administration. It is also true that threats of physical violence

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and other forms of undue pressure were employed to compel persons to abstain from voting, and certain Arabs in the district of Samaria were prosecuted for alleged illegalities of this sort.

The Government's decision to revert to the Advisory Council form of assistance to the High Commissioner appears in all the circumstances to have been wise. So far as the Arab population is concerned — and that means the greater part of the population — it must have been manifest to any unprejudiced person on the spot that too large a step in democracy was proposed in the attempt to set up a popularly elected Assembly. Not so with the Jews, an uncommonly large proportion of whom are highly educated persons; but it looks as if they would have to wait until their more backward cousins catch up, or until the more dominant Arabs cease their opposition to the British policy and show themselves ready to find a working agreement.

The bottom fact of this most unhappy agitation is the determination on the part of a few wealthy Arabs, afraid of the superior training and ability of the Jews, their greater industry and higher standard of living, to stop immigration. Christian Arabs openly declare that if and when the British Government withdraws they will cut the throat of every Jewish immigrant in Palestine. It made me positively ill to hear them make merry over these coarse vows. Even certain British Christians indulged in my hearing in indecencies of this sort.

Never in my life have I had so great a difficulty in getting in touch with a body of opinion as I experienced in my efforts to meet representative Arabs. The Jews were accessible within twenty-four hours of my arrival. The Arabs were elusive all the time. My friends put this down to the debilitating effect of the Fast of Ramadan. I strongly suspect a touch of antifeminism. But near the end of my visit I ran to earth the members of the Arab delegation to England and their associates.

I met these gentlemen at the house of Muza Kazim Pasha, chief of the notable family of the Husseini. The principal spokesman of the Arabs, Jemal Husseini, spoke perfect English which was a delight to listen to, but with a scarcely suppressed passion it was not pleasant to see. I must say that four out of every five statements made to me on this occasion I proved to be untrue before I left the country.

I do not know if the Arabs thought an Englishwoman incapable of understanding a political argument, or that she was more likely to be affected by moral considerations, but without exception the first complaint made by the Arabs against the Jews was of gross immorality and irreligion. The Jews supplied the largest number of prostitutes; they were responsible for bringing venereal disease into the country; the illegitimate children were wholly theirs; they behaved with utter shamelessness in their camps — and so on. I need hardly say that there is no truth in these statements. And I will not press the point that, whatever the Arabs may have to teach mankind, on matters of sexual morality they are not entitled to sit in judgment on any one of the tribes of men!

What may be alleged with fairness against some of the young Jewish immigrants is this: they have made no attempt to conciliate Arab prejudices, have shown little respect for Arab traditions, have never tried to understand the manners and customs of a people shocked to the very centre of their being by the frank relations between men and women and the free and open manners of European and Anglo-Saxon countries. To the sensi-

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tive Arab a woman's unveiled face is an indecent exposure, mixed bathing is an outrage, and low-cut blouses and football shorts an abomination upon the face of the earth! Strange, though, that I never heard any criticism of Christians on this account, although just as guilty of these 'offenses.'

The charge against the Jewish immigrants of Bolshevism is just as false. I met no Bolshevik in Palestine, although I sought one and am generally reputed to have a nose for this unpleasant species of our kind. The most imaginative enemy of the Bolshevik in Palestine placed the number at two hundred, while level-headed Labor leaders did not think there were more than twenty Bolsheviki left in the land after the expulsion following upon the Jaffa riots.

They charged the Government with placing a disproportion of Jews in the public service, without adding the fact that distracted Government officials were looking everywhere in vain efforts to find a sufficient number of qualified Arabs for their work. Moreover, the charge is not true. The Jews make a similar complaint against the Administration, complaining of the small number of Jews employed in comparison with Christians. The facts are these. Of the three hundred senior officials fifty are Jews and the rest Moslem and Christian. Of the 2130 members of the Junior Service, 566 are Jews, 1043 Christians, and the remainder Moslems. It is a thousand pities that this ill-considered complaint places the Government under an abiding temptation to consider the race and faith of a candidate for an appointment instead of looking only at his character and qualifications.

The High Commissioner is, of course, a Jew, but an English gentleman of unimpeachable honor. The Legal Secretary, Mr. Norman Bentwich, is an English Jew of similar standing and of very marked ability, but the Civil and Financial Secretaries, his seniors, are English Christians. The whole of the District Governors and Sir Thomas Haycraft, the Chief Justice, are English Christians.

Just as preposterous was the Arab allegation of improper Government interference with Moslem and Christian Pious Foundations. They made to me a very definite charge of official stealing against the present Administration, very disagreeable to listen to and without any foundation in fact. On the contrary, the Government has restored to the Moslem religious bodies large sums which had been sequestrated by the Turks, and has handed over to a specially created Moslem Council the absolute control of their religious affairs.

The allegation of stealing land was another of their false charges. The Jews have paid most exorbitant prices for the land they have bought. So frantically enhanced has become the price of land in Jerusalem and its environs that an American capitalist, retiring from business to live out his days in the Holy City, declared to a company of us that he could buy similar land more cheaply in London and New York.

To sum up my impressions of the Arab malcontents, judging from their chosen spokesmen, they are these: They are full of fear and envy of the superior talents and training of the Jews and wish to turn out all but Mediterranean Jews and forbid further immigration. British policy, backed by the League of Nations, cuts across their desires. Hence the propaganda to compel the Mandatory to change its policy or the League to change the Mandatory. Some of the more bitter spirits would prefer a French Mandatory; some of the more indolent

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would not object to the return of the Turk; some of the more arrogant and ambitious would like to be quite independent.

Slander of the private character of the Jews is their chief weapon for turning the ignorant and fanatical masses of their countrymen against the immigrant Jews, and the result has been riots and pogroms of varying seriousness, in which orthodox Jews, as anti-immigrant as themselves, have sometimes been the victims.

The Christian Arab objection is fundamentally an economic one. He objects to the higher standard of life and labor which the immigrant Jews are introducing. It makes his Arab workmen discontented. The attempts of the Jews in friendliness to organize the Arab workmen and share with them the advantages of their own disciplined and organized life and labor are bitterly disliked by the effendi class.

In the case of both Moslem and Christian Arabs, ostensible hatred of the Jews covers a good deal of dislike of the Mandatory Power. But this is far less on account of its national-home policy than because it seeks to prevent exploitation of the peasant, secures the fellah in the possession of his land, insists on the payment of taxes, and maintains a standard of cleanliness and order to which the people are not yet accustomed, and which, frankly, most of them do not desire.

I could discover not the slightest trace of gratitude for anything that had been done for them — their liberation from the Turk without any effort on their part, the bestowal upon them of considerable social benefits, the protection of their lives, their property, and their holy places, the promise of eventual self-government, to be preceded by such educational facilities for their masses as they have never known. There was nothing of the noble passion for liberty breathing through their speech, only fear, hate, slander, self-interest.

I am bound to admit, however, that for a considerable part of the irritation felt and expressed against the Jews in Palestine they must accept a certain measure of responsibility. I refer not only to the extravagant interpretation put upon the Balfour Declaration by the Zionist Commission and the startling language in which those desires were expressed; and not only to the bad manners of a few immigrants who do not know how to behave. The exuberance of the idealist is regarded with indulgence and tolerated with patience in countries of an older political growth, and the Zionists have corrected those early faults. The extremists are gradually being replaced by wiser men in the high counsels of Zionism. And for the other fault: It is one of youth and ignorance. I seem to have met in this country and in the United States a number of young people equal to the whole population of Palestine who mistake insolence for independence, and who imagine they maintain best their own dignity and self-respect by offensive rudeness to other people.

A more serious mistake is the intolerance of heterodoxy and orthodoxy for each other, in religious, social, and industrial ideas. Into this conflict, a conflict between the old and the new, the East and the West, enter a considerable number of Jews, estimated at one fifth of the present population of Jerusalem, on the side of the Arabs, but for reasons of their own. These are the old Jewish residents of Jerusalem, who come in the main from lands bordering on the Mediterranean, the Sephardim students of the Law and their dependents, scornfully regarded by their hard-working and lighter-

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skinned brethren from the Nordic lands as 'remittance men,' but existing in conditions of positive starvation since the war, and dying of want and hunger diseases in very considerable numbers. For these men, orthodox to the point of ludicrousness in dress, many of whom keep their women in a condition of subjection and subordination indistinguishable from that of the Arab women, the broad-chested makers of roads and builders of bridges, the farmers and colonists, have little use. The typical colonist's sense of traditional values is weak. He is less concerned with the promised land which he inherits from Moses than with the land of a promise which it is his to fulfill. He is busy reclaiming the desert, drying the swamp, planting the wilderness, increasing the flocks and herds, building houses for his children; he has no time for pondering the past, believes most in the Messiah of self-help, and is bringing up his family in the fear of idleness and dependence and the hatred of injustice. He is a very fine type.

Still, I am inclined to think that the thoughtless speech used by ardent young Jews of the so-called progressive kind, and the fear of such frightful acts of vandalism as the running of electric trams through the widened streets of the ancient city, have terrified the more deeply religious of Moslems, Christians, and Jews; and, though I am firmly convinced there is no need to fear, I am sure it is at the back of the minds of that small number of high-minded British officials of æsthetic tastes and rich emotional temperament whose sense of duty is not strong enough to enable them to conceal their dislike of the Jews. This unconcealed prejudice has done much, in my judgment, to fan the fires of Arab hate.

Men of high culture and women of delicate frame are facing terrors and hardships the like of which can scarcely be imagined in this country of comfort — terrors and hardships such as were experienced by the early Pilgrim Fathers and by pioneers the world over. Sudden raids and assaults of marauding Arabs; intense cold in the winter and blistering heat in the summer; ofttimes for months with no proper bed to lie on, no chair to sit on, and the smallest amount of rough food to subsist upon; no candles at night and no books for hours of enforced idleness; death from the swamp threatening them; sandstorms from the desert overwhelming them; loneliness that drives men mad; suffering which, to their fevered brains, makes the soiled and crowded ghetto from which they fled look like the very gate of Paradise — these are the tortures which more than 20,000 men and women have elected to endure for the sake of a dream they believe, by their untiring efforts, they can make come true. Small wonder that many have died; that others, driven mad by suffering and disappointment, have shot themselves; that others — the weaker brethren — have fled to the towns or taken ship for their old homes. A wonderful selective process is going on on the slopes of those barren hills and in those swampy places. What type of humanity will the survivors be?

It is my conviction that by this road, the road of hard physical work in contact with nature, of voluntary submission to hardship for the sake of a great ideal, these incoming Jews, who in bitterness of spirit may have wandered away from the invincible monotheism of the great prophets, — the first great gift of the Jews to mankind, — will find their way back; will learn that there is more in Isaiah than in Marx; will illustrate once more the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria that 'salvation is from the Jews.' Certain it is that the gallant

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and devoted men and women who are re-creating the Holy Land, to whom a sacred promise has been made of a home free from persecution in the land of their fathers and of their fathers' faith, are determined that it shall not be said of them, as it was said of their early progenitors, 'They were not able to enter in because of their unbelief.'

If the pledged word of the British Government given in the ear and with the applause of the whole civilized world be not sufficient for the discontented Arabs and their friends in England, the latter, at least, should realize the impossibility of a change of policy without moral disaster and material loss. These people should realize that the withdrawal of Great Britain might be of disastrous consequence to the hundreds of millions of people to whom we have undertaken obligations in distant parts of the Empire.

The first results of a British withdrawal from Palestine would be confusion, utter lawlessness, and martyrdom for the Jews who trusted us, the undoing of all the brave work of the Administration. The second would be the stepping into our shoes of the French or Italians with the blessing of the Latin Christians at least. The jugular vein of the Empire — the Suez Canal — would be at the tender mercies of potential enemies.

A strong, intelligent, and grateful Jewish population in Palestine, willing, as I know them to be, to coöperate with and help their Arab cocitizens in every matter which concerns their common well-being, under a British Mandate, is the best guaranty of peace on that great highway between North and South, East and West, which it would little serve the universal interest to see, as in historic times, the prey of successive spoilers.

The present population of Palestine is about 750,000, of whom rather less than 100,000 are Jews; but in a large sense Palestine belongs neither to Arab nor to Jew. History has made it the proud possession of mankind. Whoever builds up its life does so for the race.

MUSINGS IN HONDURAS

BY MORLEY ROBERTS

[*Morley Roberts, who has won distinction in several fields of English letters, is the author of a new and widely read life of W. H. Hudson. He was in Honduras, in the course of a tour of Central America, shortly before the present revolution broke out in that country.*]

From the *Morning Post, April 7*
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

THE English, who should be a geographical nation, know little of the countries they have not occupied. They appear to believe that Central America is South America, and I have even been asked in what part of the Orient British Honduras is situated. Long ago it appeared to me that these republics were more interesting than they might look to most people, and now that I am wandering in them I see that they not only produce bananas but are fertile in lessons for politicians. Yet of these the traveler has to speak with discretion.

Honduras is run under martial law, a rule represented when I landed by a single barefooted soldier in dungarees

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and a cartridge belt, who carried a rifle, which was possibly more efficient than it looked. At first, and on the coast, politics do not obtrude themselves. From Santa Marta, in Colombia, up to Puerto Barrios, in Guatemala, the talk and work of the American and European is of bananas. Their cultivation is not difficult; exports increase by millions almost daily; but they have a significance beyond their appearance in barrows in the Bowery or in Whitechapel. The capital invested in them represents a peaceful but powerful penetration, and acts increasingly as a steadying influence on political earthquakes.

At the moment Honduras is in the throes of a crisis; the political Have-nots seek to dispossess the Haves, who put them in prison, and possibly propose to overawe Congress. For even in these republics, which are in reality ancient Grecian tyrannies, not by any means always maleficent, a badly 'managed' election may result in disturbances. To 'manage' an election is to see that people vote correctly. By and by, it may be that the peaceful banana itself will exercise sufficient influence to produce greater steadiness. The capital invested in the business must and is becoming a flywheel for a machine of very irregular energies.

If true peace and order were introduced into the most backward of these States, and even its friends admit that Honduras is this, the country should have an astounding future before it. It can grow almost anything; its fruits are innumerable; maize is here from time immemorial; the banana, introduced from the Canaries to Haiti, and then to the Spanish mainland, is now universal; the mountains are full of minerals, of gold, silver, copper, antimony; the jungle, a primeval forest of palms, ceiba trees, and strange hard woods other than its known mahogany, abounds in game. *El tigre* or the jaguar haunts its trees, since it is a tree cat; there is the little ounce, the puma, *amigo del Cristiano*, the tapir, and many deer. Its fauna is not yet fully described; its insect life, which is, it must be owned, too abundant, forever calls the entomologist.

On the coast and in the swamps by the rivers, malaria, of course, is common, but is daily abating. The great United States Fruit Company, which most truly represents progress here, has done, and is doing, a splendid and necessary work in hygiene. The malarial Anopheles is partly cleared out in many places; the yellow fever Stegomyia in others has wholly disappeared. But in the healthy uplands neither malaria nor yellow fever is found, and smallpox, once endemic, has become a rarity. Great portions of the country are freer from disease than Italy, and the time may come when the tourist will widen his horizon and seek the ruins of Copán, that vanishing monument of the Mayas, rather than Pæstum or the minarets of Syracuse.

It cannot be denied that there is an element of comedy, at any moment liable to turn to tragedy, in the conduct of the governors and the governed. The population is as much mixed as that of Singapore or Capetown. The pure Indian breed still exists, and many Caribs look as much Caribs as when Hawkins sailed the deeps by Ruatan and Utila. There are fine Negroes here from Jamaica and Barbados; and all the mixtures possible in a population as various as the wild fauna itself. Perhaps, as the British discover it hard to rule and keep in order even their own population, we shall discover more sympathy for the ruling classes in such a place as Honduras. They may be corrupt, violent, and unjust. But what a task lies before them!

The country has no traditions, except

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those imported from the extruded Spaniards. It has no steadying bureaucracy, no permanent officials, no certainty of life or employment. The mass of the people are ignorant and superstitious; the dead hand of a mediæval Church is on them, and does but transmute a mixed set of savage beliefs into a travesty of those we call civilized. Liberty has never been known here, for savage tribes do not understand it: '"Mrs. Grundy" is a savage institution,' said Robert Louis Stevenson to me in Samoa. Political institutions cannot work with such material. As well ask a raw Carib or Mexo-Indian to run a Rolls-Royce or handle a microscope.

The whites have destroyed ancient rule and tradition, the guides of pagan life, and now those of the mixed Spanish race which governs are being broken up by Europeans and Americans, the gringos, whom they do not like and only endure because they must or because they find them bringing money into the country. Yet they stand between the possible anarchy of ignorant workers all armed with the bush-knife or long machete and the possible domination of the United States. Is it hard to understand that they become fissured into parties and seek for power and finally delegate it to the strongest, who 'assumes' the Presidency? There are buried cities and lost civilizations in these countries. Aztec, Toltec, Nahuatl, fell by outward assault and inward dissension. The method of rule found the only possible one here must pass, but so far it is the only possible one, so long as no one has the strength to keep order and yet permit a slow growth of liberty, so that the political energy inherent in all men may find its outlet. This is the reason that many, and these not only Northerners or Europeans, think that any due development must come from the hegemony of the United States. Better a gringo than a cutthroat or the chain gang. And often those in the chain gang, who work under armed warders on the public roads, are there for no better reason than that they voted incorrectly.

It is here that the 'strong man' has his dangers. He keeps order with the rifle and the whip. I know of a district where no murders occurred for years after one President whipped a murderer to death. Under such a rule there is peace; the country develops, wealth increases, and too often the poorer become poorer still. Then the strong man dies, or is thrown out by violence, and disorder is the more rampant as it was long and brutally repressed. What followed the failure of Porfirio Diaz in Mexico but the present anarchy? Then a weak man comes in and is called strong and wise by his followers, whom, indeed, he follows, and a new anarchy succeeds. But, whatever the personal motives or ambitions of those who hunt for power, the end of power is always order.

All these countries are called 'republics.' They are, as I have said, tyrannies, which are more or less effective as the *tyrannos* is capable and strong. The English with their strongly developed political instincts look upon such tyrants with aversion. Yet upon necessity we may get a political dictator. Great Britain has become such and may be glad of others. Politics cannot be run on ideal systems. The end of politics is the adaptation of the social organism to new and changing conditions. In stress we come down to crude, even brutal, realities, and those whom William James called 'tender-minded' philosophers cry out in anguish. They dream of paradisal politics and squeal under the lash of truth. An ex-Lord Chancellor speaks truth, and is mobbed by intellectual drug-fiends. These republics are a school for those who seek to understand the

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social physiology and pathology of man. The Victorian age is over; it seems as long ago as the era of Augustus. Europe has now no stones to cast at Honduras or even at Mexico. In Central America terrene and political earthquakes cast down cities and policies. In Europe political earthquakes have followed the eruptions of war.

The need is for strength, and words however ideally wise seem no more than signs and symptoms of weakness. The politician is accused rightly enough of taking short views. I have noted — and everyone in the Central American countries knows it to be true — that enforced peace without wise and ordered liberality comes at last to an end in a social hurricane. But a hurricane in twenty years of barren, miserable, and disordered life. The time comes, indeed it has come already, when Europe if it cannot find an Augustus may welcome Cæsar, or even Hiero of Syracuse. It might even condescend to learn from Honduras and its neighbors that fierce and incompatible ambitions ask for the man with a club.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

BY DOCTOR MAURICE BOIGEY

From *Le Mercure de France, April* 1
(Clerical Conservative Monthly)

Not far from the west coast of the Peloponnesus, between the Alpheus and the Neda, lies the happy land of Elis, and it was here that Iphitos, the most famous of the Elean kings, established the Olympic games and thereby determined the fate of his kingdom. It became a fortunate land where every four years all Greece met and which all Greece regarded as sacred for that reason. War never disturbed its rest. There armies never came. The plains were populous and fertile, the uprightness of its judges became a proverb, and the ninety members of its senate gave their country laws that were few but wise.

The three Theocles or high priests of Olympus, chosen by lot, which was equivalent to a divine choice, remained in office for four years and kept up the sacrifices upon the ten altars sacred to Zeus. 'The gods,' said Pindar, 'are lovers of the games.' They were indeed, for they presided over them, and religion sanctified the efforts of the athletes. Each city sent its 'theoria' to take part in the sacrifices and in the religious solemnities with which the games opened and closed.

Such contests, as regular as the feasts of the gods, were in some cases local and peculiar to the cities which had established them, and in others national, belonging to the nation as a whole. Four in number, these latter games were either biannual, like the Isthmian games held at Corinth in honor of Poseidon, and the Nemean, held in Argolis, or else they were held every four years, like those which were celebrated at Delphi in honor of Apollo and those celebrated at Olympia in honor of Zeus. The Olympic games

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were the most famous and continued until 394 A.D. when they were suppressed by Theodosius. The celebration began in the year 776 B.C., and their periodic recurrence served as a system of chronology. The name of the winner in the stadium was inscribed on the public register of the Eleans, and this custom was kept up until later times, so that each Olympiad was known by the name of the winner. A kind of Truce of God reigned in Greece during the time necessary for the celebration of the games, and for the trip to them and home again another month was allowed. As one or the other of the great national games was celebrated every year, there was thus an annual truce. . . .

One evening, in the month of November 1892, in the amphitheatre of the old Sorbonne where so many candidates used to turn pale in their frantic endeavor to decipher Greek or Latin texts, Georges Bourdon gave a lecture upon the sports of antiquity. Jules Jusserand, to-day our Ambassador in Washington, gave another on the sports of the Middle Ages, and Pierre de Courbertin still another on sports to-day. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Union des Sports Athlétiques, presided over by the Grand Duke Vladimir. There Pierre de Courbertin suggested in public for the first time the idea of reëstablishing the Olympic games. In order to keep sport from becoming an ephemeral fashion, to permit it to fill the educational rôle of which it is capable, he thought it necessary to ensure its continuance. It was for this purpose that he had the ingenious idea of internationalizing — so to speak — a series of great meets. In that way he would assure their long life, because, as the love of sport dies down or is extinguished in one country, it is coming to the front in another, and with competition for an aid, it will always be reawakening somewhere — thanks to which device it runs no risk of permanent extinction. It cannot disappear unless — which is most improbable — all countries should lose their interest in sport at the same time.

The idea of reëstablishing the Olympic games seemed a little surprising, but as always happens when a fruitful project is first broached, it slowly germinated, and when on the sixteenth of June, 1894, the first international congress opened in the great amphitheatre of the new Sorbonne, this time under the presidency of the Baron de Courcel, there were numerous foreign delegates who gave their adhesion to the idea of celebrating henceforth every four years, turn and turn about in various countries, Olympic games which should include all the forms of sport customary in the civilized world. A permanent international committee was created to watch over the fate of the institution at the opening of the congress of 1894, which lasted eight days. Baron de Courcel made a magnificent address, Jean Aicard read a poem, and under the direction of Fauré choristers and harpists from the Opera executed the hymn to Apollo which had recently been discovered among the ruins of Delphi and which had been orchestrated by Saint-Saëns and adapted with much learning by Theodor Reinach.

Pierre de Courbertin was named by acclamation president of the first Olympic committee, and this assembly has since been enlarged until to-day it includes representatives of forty-two nations, and is still presided over by the same man. The committee does its own recruiting and chooses its own members in each country outside the ranks of sport associations, so as to be wholly independent and completely to safeguard its freedom of judgment. Belonging to no association the members

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of the committee are outside the rivalries and quarrels of schools and opposing interests. It is a kind of meeting of ambassadors, not of delegates, of depositories of the Olympic ideal.

In 1897, under the honorary presidency of Félix Faure, who was then President of the Republic, another Olympic Congress was held at the Hôtel de Ville at Havre. This assembly was charged with the task of studying and defining the relationship between physical exercises and morals and hygiene.

The first Olympic games were held in 1896. The Congress of 1894 had naturally assigned them to Greece. King George and a great majority of the population who favored the proposal were opposed by M. Tricoupis, then Prime Minister, who was bitterly opposed to the revival of the Olympic games and decreed that they should not be revived. They did take place, but only because in the meantime the Tricoupis Government had fallen and M. Tricoupis had been replaced by M. Delyannis. The second Olympic games were held at Paris in 1900, and this time the French equivalent of Tricoupis opposed, and it was no fault of his that the games were not completely blocked. They took place for the third time at St. Louis. Chicago had been the city first chosen, but the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, which was to be celebrated in 1904, led to its abandonment in favor of St. Louis. In 1908 London was chosen, in 1912 Stockholm; but in 1916 there were no games: Berlin was to have offered its hospitality to the international athletes. The seventh meet took place in Antwerp in 1920, and the eighth will take place at Paris for the second time, in 1924.

Other special games, concurrent with the Olympic games, had been founded in Northern countries for winter sports, and these meets now take place every two years in the month of February, alternating between Stockholm and Christiania. Sweden and Norway were violently opposed at the last Olympic Congress — held at Lausanne in 1921 — to the proposal of the International Committee to include winter sports in the Olympic games. Their demands decided the organizers of the 1924 games to consider the great meet at Chamonix in January and February as being merely organized 'on the occasion of the eighth Olympiad' and as officially apart from the Olympic games. In reality, the first contest organized by the French Olympic Committee has not therefore any integral relation with the 1924 games. It is an official competition, but it cannot give the winners the title of Olympic champions.

The general programme of the Olympic games is very extensive. Here are the most important, with the dates on which the competitions are to take place:—

I. Games (a) Rugby football, May 3 to 19.
(b) Association football, May 15 to June 9.
(c) Tennis, July 13 to 20.
II. Athletic Sports. Races and tournaments, July 5 to 13.
III. Bicycling, July 23 to 27.
IV. Gymnastics, July 17 to 23.
V. Weights and dumbbells, July 21 to 24.
VI. Sports of Combat:
(a) Fencing, June 28 to July 8.
(b) Græco-Roman fight, July 6 to 9.
(c) Boxing, July 15 to 20.
(d) Target-shooting, June 21 to 29.
(e) Trap-shooting.
VII. Nautical sports:
(a) Rowing, July 10, 12, 14.
(b) Swimming, July 13 to 20.
(c) Yachting, July 20 to 27.
VIII. Equestrian sports, July 21 to 27.
Polo, June 19 to July 4.
IX. Combined sports:
(a) Classic pentathlon, July 12 to 17.

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(b) Modern pentathlon, July 12 to 17.

X. National sports:
(a) French boxing and single stick, July 20.
(b) Pelote basque, July 21 to 24.
(c) Canadian canoeing, July 12 to 14.

XI. Demonstrations of popular games, July 17 to 23.

The winter-sports competition at Chamonix was very ambitious, requiring a skating-pond of thirty-six thousand square metres; a skating-track four hundred metres around with stands for six thousand spectators; and a hill for coasting, one thousand four hundred and forty-four metres long, with eighteen turns.

The eighth Olympiad — properly so called — will begin in May with Rugby football, followed by Association football. The latter sport is sure to be a great success, and together with the athletic sports, July 5 to 13, will be the true test of the Paris games. The Rugby and Association football will take place at Colombes, where an extensive stadium is to be used on this important occasion for the first time. The equestrian sports will take place at Saint-Cloud and at the polo-field at Bagatelle, the shooting at Versailles and Châlons. The fencing will be at the circus in Paris, the athletic contests at Colombes, the wrestling in Paris, the rowing at Argenteuil. The popular games and the pelote basque will both take place at Colombes.

Five thousand athletes are said to be entered, and the number of spectators making ready to come to Paris is very great. It is said that 200,000 people will come. Where are they all going to live?

The very considerable expense involved in transporting the teams is paid by the different nations which compete in the games.

Let us hope that the eighth Olympiad will be brilliantly successful, and let us also hope that the European competitors will not once again be submerged beneath the American athletic flood.

At these games the profound difference between the white races — from the physiological point of view — will strike the eye once more. Under the influence of different climates, different historic and different economic conditions, each people has developed differences in nerve and muscle, which have eventually become hereditary and which are emphasizing themselves more and more in each generation, so as to impress special characters on their typical forms of physical exertion. The structure of the human body is in the end sensitive to the influence of its surroundings. It varies from race to race and plays a part that cannot be neglected in any bodily exertion.

There is no need of a profound analysis to establish the enormous difference of temperament, the varieties of language and physical expression, the variations in vigor, that separate — for example — an Italian athlete from a New Zealand athlete. The sensitiveness of the body exists in various degrees and leads to variations in the form and vigor of the movements. An Englishman in a contest does not move like a Frenchman, an American like a Portuguese, or a Belgian like an Italian. The fire, the movement, all the gestures, are subordinated to the intensity and spontaneity of nervous reactions. Each people expresses itself in a characteristic way by the method in which it moves.

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KAIIN BAPA KAIAH WOULD BE SULTAN

BY ERNST ZBORAY

[The bizarre and tragic episode herein described actually occurred in Java last February, and was reported at length in the Dutch papers. Almost identical incidents are occasionally recorded in the Philippines.]

From *Pester Lloyd, March 25*
(Budapest German-Hungarian Daily)

Sunday a week ago the vicinity of the little village of Tangerang, a mere cluster of bamboo huts, was the scene of a strange and tragic incident. Early in the morning a troop of some fifty natives, clad in white and armed to the teeth with knives, swords, and javelins, marched forth to found a new kingdom. The leader of the troop, Kaiin Bapa Kaiah, the messenger of the Prophet, had received a revelation bidding him do this.

News was speedily brought to the District Controller, an officer corresponding to our District Magistrate, to the effect that a party of natives had gathered under arms, though for what purpose was as yet unknown. Thereupon this official hastened immediately to the village, accompanied by two native policemen and his younger brother, and summoned the leader to appear before him.

A native of unusual height, armed with a keen-edged native sword, presented himself and made a confused speech, in which he declared he was a direct descendant of King Prahu Seli Wanai, and a messenger of the Prophet, ordered by Heaven to found a new kingdom. He intended to set up his capital at Bege Gedeh, near Buitenzorg, where the spirits of his fathers lived. He proposed to march thither with his followers in order to found his kingdom under their guardianship. If 'the Company' — that is, the European administration — should try to prevent his doing so, he would proclaim *Prang Sabil* — a holy war.

The Controller understood the situation immediately. Such fanatical Messiahs are not unknown in the history of Java. They proclaim themselves emissaries of the Prophet and possessors of supernatural powers. The credulous natives readily accept them for what they profess to be, and pay good money for charms guaranteed to protect the wearer from injury. A Javanese will pay any price for such a *djimat*, because he believes implicitly it will give him immunity from bullet, sword, or any other weapon, and even keep evil spirits at a distance. These talismans have played a part in every popular uprising in the Netherlands Indies. During the Atjeh rebellion, for instance, three hundred natives wearing these amulets, and clad all in white, rushed headlong against the rattling machine-guns, and were killed to the last man.

Of late certain Communist agitators have taken advantage of this superstition to sell thousands of djimats to credulous converts, with the promise that these will make the possessors bullet-proof. Luckily the Netherlands Government soon discovered what was going on, and promptly put the thrifty emissaries of a new social gospel under lock and key.

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Therefore the Controller of Tangerang understood at once that Kaiin Bapa Kaiah, the new kingdom-founding prophet, had doubtless outfitted his followers with these magic charms. So he telephoned the facts to the Assistant-Resident at Batavia, and was instructed to parley with the men until the latter official could bring help. Meanwhile he labored with the fanatics, trying to persuade them to lay down their arms, but without result.

Early in the afternoon the Assistant-Resident arrived in an automobile with five European officers and twenty native soldiers and policemen. This official also tried to persuade the natives to relinquish their design. He tried to impress on Kaiin Bapa Kaiah that it did not become his dignity as a future king to go to Buitenzorg on foot; that it would be more becoming to travel in an automobile which the Assistant-Resident would place at his disposal — and which would naturally whirl him off to prison.

But the shrewd agitator saw through the trick, and it was finally agreed that they should all proceed to Buitenzorg together to found the new government. So the procession started out. It was led by Kaiin Bapa Kaiah himself, with three officers of the guard and ten soldiers. After these came the armed natives. The Assistant-Resident, the Controller, the Captain and a first lieutenant, and some fifteen soldiers in automobiles brought up the rear.

The Assistant-Resident hoped to tire out the company, and then to persuade the members by friendly argument to give up their project, while the officers advocated immediately disarming the trouble-makers.

After marching about nine miles, the column reached a palm grove and stopped to rest. At this point the Assistant-Resident decided that this offered a good chance to bring the incident to a close. Soldiers and policemen surrounded the insurgents. The Assistant-Resident ordered two officers to disarm the leader. They sprang suddenly upon the giant native and wrested his long sabre from him. His followers, taken completely by surprise, watched the proceeding without a move. Thereupon the soldiers fired a volley in the air to frighten them, but produced precisely the opposite effect. When the natives saw that in spite of the deafening rattle of the guns not one of them was hurt, they imagined their djimats had made them immune, and threw themselves with fanatical fury upon the Assistant-Resident and the other Europeans, standing practically unguarded by the automobile.

Thereupon the soldiers fired to kill, but could not shoot without endangering one another. Indeed, a native policeman was killed by a soldier's bullet. The Assistant-Resident and the Controller defended themselves with their revolvers; but the latter's weapon proved useless, because he had neglected to load it. Seven natives threw themselves upon him and would have killed him if his brother had not sprung to his assistance. A native attacked a white police officer from behind. The Controller's brother knocked him down also, but not before he had severed the officer's spine with his kris.

Though the fighting lasted only a few minutes, all the Europeans would probably have been massacred had it not been for the Controller's brother, and thirty-two natives, including two women, were killed. Each victim had one of Kaiin Bapa Kaiah's charms about his neck.

So no new kingdom has been founded; but the spirit of the direct descendant of Prahu Seli Wanai is abroad among the people. New agitators are still selling djimats in the native villages, and preaching Prang Sabil.

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STRATEGY

BY J. S. MACHAR

[*The author, a leading Czech poet, story-teller, and essayist, was the Lieutenant Machan in this story, which is taken from a collection of autobiographical sketches published last year at Prague, under the title,* Konfesije Literata.]

At five o'clock in the morning a battalion of mountain infantry was marching out of the sleeping town of Pribram. The sun had dissolved most of the reddish clouds to the east into a fiery mist and was beginning to beat down with its parching heat. This early hour appeared to hold a promise for a day much like the preceding day and the day before that — heat, dust, thirst, marching, fatigue.

Captain Kriehuber rode at the head of the battalion, choking himself with his early-morning cough. 'Thunder and lightning!' he growled to himself, yet loud enough to be heard by the lieutenant in command of the leading company, who rode immediately behind him. 'Why in damnation did the old man have to give the command to-day? Of course, when His Imperial Highness Field-Marshal Albrecht and Feldzeugmeister Baron Beck are around, then Kriehuber is the goat. I say, this is going to be a hot one, eh, Philosopher?' he said, turning his head around to the lieutenant.

The 'Philosopher' smiled in agreement.

'The old man got himself detailed as a referee to-day. He likes to hear himself talk before the Imperial Highness or the Chief of Staff — what? And of course he gives me the dirty end of the deal — command the battalion on a day like this! Ugh!'

'The Herr Lieutenant-Colonel no doubt knows his officers,' said the Philosopher, using one of his stereotyped everyday utterances. He knew his captain. Late the evening before Kriehuber had sat in the inn with the brigadier-general's adjutant, from whom he had learned the 'whole thing,' particularly everything pertaining to the rôle to be played by his battalion; he had gathered from him just about what he was expected to do and had gone over the map with him. The lieutenant knew all this, and it took him no time to perceive that the captain's growling was not genuine, but rather a way of showing his importance and of gaining recognition from his subordinate, if from no one else. Kriehuber was wont to emphasize his importance at almost any hour of the day, so it was second nature to the Philosopher to flatter his superior officer.

The sun beat down scorchingly. The soldiers were a gay lot, conversing and laughing, marching on in a bluish cloud of tobacco smoke and dust.

Lieutenant Machan was thinking of the gay time he could have been having in any of a dozen different places in the country if he did not have to participate in these preposterous manœuvres. Somewhere in the back of his head was a whirl of rhymes and verses, for he was a poet. For this, and because he happened to know a few historical dates, particularly some of Napoleon's campaigns, and one or two other rather unusual things, his colleagues called him 'Philosopher.' They had an idea that this appellation was a fitting cloak in which to wrap such knowledge as he possessed.

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And the sun burned mercilessly.

At a crossroads were two horsemen. One was the lieutenant-colonel of the battalion, who was to-day one of the 'judges' or referees, the other a cavalry brigade-commander — an old, scandalously opulent general, with a face that reminded one of a genial old owl.

The battalion halted and the lieutenant-colonel called the 'gentlemen' before him. He spoke of the Imperial Highness, of the Chief of Staff, and of the great importance of the part which had fallen to the lot of this battalion. They must all 'buck up' and do their best. Then he handed to Captain Kriehuber an envelope containing the usual dry description of the general situation with which we had to cope.

Kriehuber tore open the envelope and solemnly pulled out a mimeographed memorandum in which he read that an 'enemy' division had occupied Pribram, and that one of its brigades was approaching our positions. Our battalion was on the left flank. The extreme left company was under the command of Lieutenant Machan, whose particular duty was to try to occupy some height from which we would dominate the valley. But Captain Kriehuber here remarked that, judging from the condition of the terrain, the enemy very likely would attempt to advance through the middle of the valley or toward the right flank; in which case, he added, our battalion would probably not even become involved in the fray. These instructions, however, were merely preliminary; official reports would be forthcoming within the next half-hour at the appointed place of the brigade's assembly, from the mouth of the Herr General himself. . . .

Lieutenant Machan returned to his company.

'Men,' he said, 'that old bird over there is a brigadier-general — a cavalry man; so when we march past him, put some pep into your legs and see that your feet scarcely touch the ground.'

The battalion started off, the men snapping their legs so that the old good-natured owl in the saddle by the roadside stirred and said to the lieutenant-colonel in a loud, thick voice: 'I say, Schmidt, that 's what I call marching! Too bad these men of yours are not in the cavalry. They 're too good for the infantry.'

Kriehuber was fairly bursting with pride and elation. After a while he turned to Machan and said: 'Well, Philosopher, did you hear what the old boy had to say about us? Of course, we do the trick and Schmidt gets the credit for it, eh?'

The brigade assembly-ground was swarming with soldiers. There were two regiments of ordinary infantry and several units of auxiliary troops. On the edge of the field stood rows of wagons with bread, sausage, beer, brandy, and tobacco; and among the soldiers walked peasant women with baskets, selling goodies.

The 'gentlemen' were assembled around the brigadier-general, a thin, nervous person, who was known as 'Screwdriver' throughout the brigade.

'The enemy, in the strength of one division, has occupied Pribram, and . . .' The general unfolded the problem with a hoarse voice, chopping the longer words in two or even three pieces; and before closing his remarks he called to our attention the fact that His Imperial Highness Field-Marshal Albrecht and Baron Beck, the Chief of Staff, were to witness the show.

The trumpets blew; pipes were emptied, cigarettes thrown away; the soldiers began to re-form, and presently the various units started off for their respective positions.

Lieutenant Machan and his com-

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pany stumbled across a stretch of freshly ploughed field toward a rocky spot on the face of a hill overlooking the valley.

'Men, this is going to be easy,' he said to the company. 'Here you can lie down, and I guess you 'll have no need of cleaning your rifles to-night; I don't think we 'll have any occasion to use them.'

The soldiers lay down on the bare ground behind the rocks and lighted their pipes and cigar stubs.

And the sun, as it rose higher, grew ever fiercer. There was not a single bush anywhere near by, and the earth under the body seemed hotter than the air above it.

'A fine position, no doubt,' mumbled Machan; 'but in about an hour we 'll all resemble a well-done English beefsteak.'

'Herr Lieutenant, I respectfully report that there is a wood a little distance down there,' spoke up the company trumpeter, sweat pouring from his face. He was known in the company as a blockhead and as such was suffered by his superiors to say things or make suggestions that were not tolerated from anyone else.

Machan glanced at him and then continued gazing down the valley.

But presently the whole company began talking about the little wood below.

'I bet that 's a nice, cool place,' said one.

'I wonder if the Herr Captain has it on his map,' put in another.

Philosopher Machan listened to these suggestive remarks and felt hotter than ever before in his life. His eyes strayed toward the little wood. It was a beautiful wood. Just a grove of magnificent old trees. And the grass — oh, what beautiful grass! It glowed so invitingly in the shade of those trees. After all, why should n't he take his company down there? Had n't Kriehuber, who had his information from the general's adjutant, said that, in all probability, the left wing of the line would not come into action at all?

'Up!' he ordered, and then led his company down the ridge, straight into the little wood.

Ah, how heavenly cool was this shade!

'Conceal yourselves behind the trees and in the bushes!' he ordered. 'Don't let anyone see us.'

With which the men complied only too readily. It was really too good to be true. But not long after they had settled themselves in the wood there came a clatter of hoofs from below.

'Herr Lieutenant Machan! Oh, I say, Machan!' It was Captain Kriehuber yelling in the direction of where he thought Machan's company should have been in position. 'Where in damnation did you go? Don't you hear me? I 'll put you under arrest for disobedience of orders! See if I don't!' Kriehuber was red with rage.

In the meantime, before Machan could inform his captain of his whereabouts, there came from the opposite side the sharp sound of the first shot — obviously, the enemy's shot.

'Devil take you!' raged Kriehuber. 'You eat your own soup now! I won't move a finger to get you out of this mess.' He uttered an all-embracing curse and was off at top speed.

'Fire!' commanded Machan.

The company fired a volley. The enemy's advance was suddenly checked. The terrific noise, especially after it had been repeated several times, indicated that there was evidently a great force concealed somewhere on that ridge.

'Keep on firing!' ordered the Philosopher. 'Fire at will!'

The terrified enemy seemed to be on the verge of retreating. But presently the first demoralizing effect was overcome and the advance resumed.

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Machan, vaguely realizing that he was pulling a rather brilliant piece of sham warfare, watched the flashes of his rifles and at the same time became aware of dense waves of men and blazing firearms and bayonets surging toward him. There were at least three battalions of the enemy directly opposing him, he estimated.

Suddenly the waves seemed to be breaking; the steady firing of his men evidently threw consternation among his opponents.

At about that moment two horsemen appeared behind Machan — the Archduke Albrecht and his adjutant, with 'Observer' insignia on their caps.

'Who is in command here?' asked the Field-Marshal in a high, whistling voice.

'Your Imperial Highness, Lieutenant Machan, first company, sixth mountain-infantry battalion, most respectfully reports.'

'Good. Hold your position, Herr Lieutenant.'

And they rode off. The battle kept on.

After a while another pair of horsemen rode up. These two were Baron Beck and his aide.

'Who is in command here?'

Machan introduced himself.

'Hold your position, Herr Lieutenant, and send for reënforcements.'

Machan sent his half-witted trumpeter with a message to Kriehuber.

The battle went on splendidly. The noise of Machan's rifles was many times louder under those great, broad-topped trees than it would have been in the open; besides, his men felt none of the heat and discomfort that were the lot of the unfortunate enemy; rather, they enjoyed the excitement in the coolness of the shade.

The right flank, Machan could observe, was beginning to swing in, as if planning to surround the enemy.

'Keep it up as long as your ammunition lasts!' cried Machan, running among his men.

Then, all at once, a flourish of trumpets — the battle was over!

The next instant Kriehuber dashed into the wood, sweaty and dusty. He leaped off his horse and embraced Machan.

'Oh, Philosopher, Philosopher!' he cried. And he could say nothing else for a while. Then he got a cigar out of his pocket. 'Here, take one — the best cigar made. I say, do you know, Philosopher, that we — you and I — won this war? Do you know that if we had pulled this under actual conditions we would both be decorated with the Order of Maria Theresa? Maria Theresa — just think!'

Machan told him about Albrecht's and Beck's visits.

'Man, you 're lucky!' cried the captain. 'I say, boy, your career is in the making — and mine, too. If this had been under actual conditions, we would receive Maria Theresa Orders — as sure as I am alive — both of us, Philosopher, both of us. I say, don't forget to write a poem about it.'

And then he began to explain how the enemy had concentrated nearly his entire force against the hill, which, judging by the volume of firing, he had thought our main body held; while in the meantime our line, barring the advance into the valley, had closed in on them, and — oh, it was splendid — splendid!

As we marched back, 'Screwdriver,' as we called the brigadier-general, approached Kriehuber, shook his hand, and thanked him warmly for the remarkable showing his command had made. The old fellow was particularly pleased because both His Imperial Highness and Baron Beck had personally observed and commented upon the masterful piece of strategy. The

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general also remarked that if this had been actual warfare he would not hesitate to recommend the captain for the Order of Maria Theresa.

That afternoon Captain Kriehuber invited his poet-lieutenant to the inn; and then, late into the evening, he talked to all who would listen to him about the way he had sized up the critical situation in the nick of time, and then, mind you, acting contrary to the orders of his alleged superiors, virtually turned the whole scheme upside down, with the result that our command came out victorious. The Archduke, he said, had come to him and said: 'Good!' Baron Beck, too, had seen fit to say to him: 'Good work! Hold your position, Captain, and send for reënforcements.' And of course his lieutenant, Machan, was an excellent man; when it came to carrying out orders, Machan was there. The fact was that if this had been real war both he and Machan would be decorated with . . .

The half-witted trumpeter-runner, who had first suggested the wood as a position, and whom Machan had sent out for reënforcements, had got lost in the confusion of the 'battle' and returned to Pribram alone late in the evening.

THE POEMS OF AUSTIN DOBSON

BY ALFRED NOYES

From the *Bookman, April*
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It was customary, at one time, to speak of the poems of Austin Dobson as if, within a strictly limited range, they were chiefly notable for their technical perfection. They were sometimes thought to be a little 'precious,' or even exotic — dainties for the literary epicure, exquisitely painted butterflies, emerging from cocoons of golden silk spun by Théodore de Banville, rather than creatures of a warm and breathing humanity. It was one of those generalizations which, because they are in superficial accord with certain obvious facts, obscure many of the more important characteristics of the work. Like so many of the easy judgments of the present day, it became a kind of label for use on all occasions, and it prevented any real analysis of the successive volumes as they appeared.

The danger of attaching labels prematurely is clear enough when one finds, in some of the older books on Victorian literature, that the phrase 'Neo-Pre-Raphaelitism' was supposed to be a fairly comprehensive summary of the work of Austin Dobson. There is certainly much that needs revision in the labels that are still attached to him. The quality of his technique has been overestimated; but, on the other hand, he is greatly underestimated as a poet of the affections, of simple pleasures and kindly human emotions. Among the English poets he will occupy a permanent place, not unlike that of

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Charles Lamb among our writers of prose. But he will survive, like many other poets, because of his rare felicities, not because of the general excellence of his craftsmanship in verse.

In many ways, of course, his style is faultless. He possesses nearly all those negative virtues which greater poets have often lacked. His sense of the right use of words, their associations and inner meanings, is unerring, but something more than this is required to make the words flow and sing with that 'inevitability,' as of a natural law, which marks the imperishable things. It was one of the greatest of lyrical poets who said that 'there must be something in the mere progress and resonance of the words, some secret in the very motion and cadence of the lines, perceptible but indefinable,' before we can say that the form is wedded to the spirit of poetry. When this happens there is no sign of effort, and yet not the slightest concession to the difficulties of the medium. The rebellious words are conquered and move into their places without any sign of shuffling or adjustment; and the poem unfolds as naturally as a flower, whether it be an elaborate orchid or a simple briar-rose.

The result is often confused by the unintelligent with the product of a shallow 'facility.' They have nothing in common; for the harmony of the first is organic, and the pains and 'dear delays' and difficulties of its creation are hidden only because they belonged to its maker and not to itself, and because they were conquered, not merely evaded. The irony is that when they are not conquered — when there is only a rough approximation to the thing aimed at — it is commonly supposed that the evidences of the artist's failure are proof of greater power. They show, of course, that he is not of the facile order; but they also show that he is not of those who wrestle with the resisting mass, and conquer it, so that the flawless beauty emerges; whether it be on the great scale with Æschylus among the mountain peaks, or with the light-footed grace of Théodore de Banville, among his fairylike rose-gardens and irised fountains: —

Comme une floraison par le printemps hâtée,
Par l'effort de mon bras
Tu sortiras du bloc, O jeune Galatée!
Et tu me souriras!

The rhythmical law is one and the same through all the kinds of true poetry, as it is one and the same throughout nature; and, in service to it, the poet finds his freedom of the universe; so that even the most joyous and light-hearted of French poets could cry: —

J'irai jusques au ciel, dans ses voûtes profondes,
Lui voler pour mes vers
Le rhythme qu'en dansant chantent en chœur les mondes,
Qui forment l'univers.

Whenever the lightest verse fulfills the musical law of its being and attains perfection of form, it enters into this universal 'dance.' Our English Parnassians thus achieved, more often than is recognized, a poetry that has a permanent value. This is true of Austin Dobson; but certain reservations must be made with regard to the nature both of his technique and of its content. Much, even of his best work, has been placed by criticism in the wrong category. The elimination of *juvenilia*, and the careful exercise of the negative virtues of his art, have created the impression that he was much more of the *Parnassien* in verse than he actually was. There is an occasional stiffness, a slightly forced adjustment of the words to meet the exigencies of metre, which is never apparent in Théodore de Banville; and, in short, Austin Dobson is much more closely akin to the simpler poets whose songs 'gushed out from

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the heart' than to the delicate artists with whom his critics have usually ranged him.

We may consider for instance one of his best poems — 'A Revolutionary Relic': —

'T is the tale of grief and gladness
Told by sad St. Pierre of yore,
That in front of France's madness
Hangs a strange seductive sadness
Grown pathetic evermore.

The form is derivative of course, as that of all poems must be to a certain extent; but the point is that it is derived in its method of attack, in every cadence of its stanza, and in its very atmosphere, from nothing more exotic than what may be called the foreign ballads of Longfellow, in such verse as this from 'Birds of Passage': —

Like a print in books of fables
Or a model made for show,
With its pointed roofs and gables,
Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,
Lay the city far below.

There is nothing derogatory in this. Nor would Austin Dobson himself have thought so. His own beautiful tributes to the absurdly depreciated poetry of Longfellow — tributes that are conveniently ignored by the literary snobbery of the hour, as are the similar tributes of Henley and Andrew Lang to the best work of the same poet of simple human affections — prove this abundantly. It is merely a question of establishing a fact.

As I read I marvel whether
In some pleasant old château,
Once they read this book together,
In the scented summer weather
With the shining Loire below.

Would any reader be quite certain, apart from the clue of the French words in this stanza, which of the two poets had written it? It happens of course to be Dobson. But even then: —

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter and for show,

and we are back again with Longfellow and Olivier Basselin. There are many other passages that could be quoted, scores of them, to establish not only a superficial similarity in the handling of words and metres, but also a similarity of sentiment, even when the poem wears the fancy dress of the eighteenth century. Dobson explains the fancy dress clearly enough in the 'Epilogue to Eighteenth Century Vignettes.' It is as clear in 'The Child Musician' as it is in the 'Mosque of the Caliph' or the 'Old Sedan Chair': —

It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with hair,
As the birds have discovered — that old Sedan chair.

And whether he turns to France, or to the Orient, the explanation of the underlying similarity may be given in his own words: —

We lay our story in the East.
Because 't is Eastern? Not the least.
We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near.

And perhaps, occasionally, to avoid a too obvious wearing of the very human heart upon the sleeve. And Longfellow sometimes did precisely the same thing: —

Haroun Alraschid, in the days
He went about his vagrant ways
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of Bagdad,
Once found, at edge of the bazaar
E'en where the poorest workers are . . .

But I have inverted the order. The poem should surely run thus: —

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said
Where are the kings and where the rest
Of those who once the world possessed?
They 're gone with all their pomp and show,
They 're gone the way that thou shalt go . . .
O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

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Take all that it can give or lend
But know that death is at the end.

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Tears fell upon the page he read.

One of these passages is from Dobson; the other is from Longfellow. The reader may decide for himself.

Moreover —
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers . . .

But again I fear I have inverted the order; for surely it was: —

Seventeen hundred and thirty-nine
That was the date of this tale of mine;

For one on the ride of Revere was made;
But this is the Ballad of Beau Brocade.

Leaving those who like riddles to disentangle the various authors involved, with the assurance that several of these lines are by Longfellow and several by Austin Dobson, let us return, for a moment, to consider the technique of the 'Revolutionary Relic.' In the stanza which I quoted above, the line,

That in front of France's madness,

is typical of one of Dobson's faults. His use of the word 'France's,' a form that is not used in good prose, because it is ugly, — the armies of France, the history of France, being preferable to France's armies, or France's history, — is a concession exacted from him in verse by the difficulty of his medium. It is only a slight concession; but it is in these very slight matters that the little more and the little less make a world of difference in the technique of verse. Even if it were not ugly, it would be wrong, not because it is an unusual form, but because the metre compelled it; and, though a thousand arguments can be adduced in its favor, the finer sense of the ear and, what is more important, the artistic conscience, know that it was forced, and it gives the line a stiffness, an awkwardness, a feeling that the poet is not in complete mastery of his instrument. It is all very well to talk of 'facility' in verse; but the facility that shows no sign of effort is only achieved in one way, by the conquest of just these little difficulties; and the poets who write with the flowing freedom of

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

or with the more deliberate art of the 'Eagle,'

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls,

show no signs of labor, either because they have conquered these difficulties, or because their mastery over their instrument is so complete that it has become a perfectly natural means of expression to them and they can forget all about it.

In the same 'Revolutionary Relic' there are other minor faults. A 'sadness grown pathetic' is very much the same thing as a 'pathos grown sad.' There is not enough differentiation of ideas to deserve the verb or the sentence. In short, it is padding to fill out the line. There is also in the fourteenth stanza the use of the older form 'waileth' and 'wheeleth,' where it is useful to the metre, and again the modern form 'halts' and 'seems,' in other stanzas, where it is more convenient. Precedents can be alleged, but it is a fault as it is done here.

Even in the 'Essays in Old French Poems' there are similar faults. There is too much reliance on that easier method of finding a feminine rhyme in present participles; and even then, if the sea mews are *crying* in one line you may find that the waves are forced to be *plying* the reef in another. In the almost perfect 'Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,' there is just that awkwardness in the arrangement of the words of a subsequent line — 'He

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makes as though in our arms repelling' — that robs it of its final supremacy. On the other hand there is the flawless

Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue;
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou!*
Picture above, if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew —
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Precise in every beat, absolutely natural in the order of the words, exquisitely true and unforced in its rhymes, and coming down on the first syllable of each line with the unerring pulse of the dancers' feet in a minuet, the poem — for it is a poem, not merely *vers de société* — mounts with an airy and half-smiling grace to a burden that suggests a gay and brightly colored world, vanishing at a waft of its painted daintiness: —

Where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan.

It joins the universal dance of Théodore de Banville's famous ballades, and is therefore poetry.

But it is not in these experiments that Austin Dobson achieves his greatest successes.

'Yes; when the ways oppose,' he begins his 'Ars Victrix,' in imitation of Gautier; and never did an opening line sound more like a translation by a somewhat stiff hand. Then, suddenly, a page is turned and we get the flowing melody of

The ladies of St. James's!
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
The breath of heath and furze
When breezes blow at morning
Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!
They 're painted to the eyes.
Their white it stays forever,
Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida,
Her color comes and goes.
It trembles to a lily —
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's!
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
Their phrases are so grand:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after raindrops
The music of the birds.

The lines are familiar enough as a piece of eighteenth-century fancy dress; but it is not the fancy dress that gives them their warmth and life. There is a human heart beating beneath it in wistfulness and longing; and the quiet poignancy of the desire that all poets know for the true and simple things. The poem may be regarded quite justly as an invocation addressed to the poet's own Muse. If there be any masquerading in it it is merely the old device of hiding something that is deeply felt with a smile; and, if the reader cares to meet the poet halfway, he will find that these stanzas — quietly repeated — have the true ecstasy pulsing in them.

In fact, whenever Austin Dobson relies on his craftsmanship and his eighteenth-century furniture, or his merely decorative effects, as in 'The Masque of the Months,' his work is comparatively a failure; and, whenever he deals with kindly and simple human beings his work kindles with affection and he sometimes achieves a little masterpiece. . . .

Of the poems written in the manner of Gay, it is enough to say here that they are faultless of their kind, and better than the original models. Taken all together, with what may be called the critical poems, — including 'The Fables,' 'The Prologues and Epilogues,' 'The Varia,' the Memorial Verses, the beautiful tribute to Tennyson and the delightful little epistles to

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Mr. Edmund Gosse and others, — they constitute perhaps the best *Ars Poetica* in English verse. They have an insight into the essentials of good writing and a mellow wisdom that might be of incalculable value to the present chaotic generation.

We are constantly being told by writers whose ignorance of their subject is only equaled by their conceit, that the young poets of to-day are 'sick to death' of the set mechanical forms of the great Victorian poets. If the Victorian poets wrote in set mechanical forms then they were not 'great.' But the plain truth of the matter is that the forms of English poetry were expanded and extended in a thousand new directions during the Victorian period. More new metrical forms were invented by Browning and Swinburne alone than are to be counted in the whole range of preceding English poetry; while almost every lyric that Tennyson wrote, from his earliest *juvenilia* to 'Crossing the Bar,' had something in its cadence or movement that was not to be found in English poetry before him. This is also true of Christina Rossetti and a dozen other poets. The forms of verse were not nearly so 'set' as they were when Greece and Rome expressed themselves in their hexameters and pentameters.

No Victorian of importance was so limited in his metrical range as some of the most important poets of the Elizabethan, or indeed of any other period. It could almost be demonstrated that taken all together the Victorians invented and used more new rhythmical movements than all the poets of all former periods combined. Tennyson's *Maud* alone has a range of metrical invention and metrical freedom wider than that of all the poets combined in many preceding centuries. The reader who doubts it has only to open the volume and note the forms which are not to be found in earlier poets. Even in the academic Matthew Arnold there are many quite new rhythmical movements, exquisitely free in their musical law, like the 'Songs of Callicles,' or 'Dover Beach,' or 'In Utrumque Paratus.'

The plain fact is that the modern 'revolt' is not against 'set forms,' but against form itself — a very different matter — and all too often it obviously proceeds from the consciousness that the 'rebel' cannot hope to compete with his predecessors unless the standards are lowered. It is a tendency that is manifest not only in literature but in all the arts and throughout the whole of our civilization, and it is time that it was met and answered. Curiously enough, one of the most obvious facts about the outstanding work of the 'revolting' groups — there are others, of course — is that, with one or two exceptions, it has been in forms that may justly be called 'set,' — the sonnet, the stanzas, — used by Chaucer and William Morris, and sometimes quatrains that have been made a little easier to handle by the simple process of rhyming only the second and fourth lines, or by accepting various rough approximations to the end in view.

The rest of the 'revolt' is mere chaos. The revolt against form, in fact, forbids results in art. It is not a revolt against Victorianism, but a revolt against order and proportion and the laws of good writing in all ages. Worst of all, it is a revolt against the only principle that can lead to the really valuable new results — the principle of *development*, the natural evolution of a great tradition. The present generation is being confused by its present pastors — some of them merely ignorant guides who are striving to turn literature into a kind of walking race, in which the first duty is to be 'abreast' of an age that has almost ceased to believe in any-

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thing but the material rewards for work badly done.

The gospel naturally appeals to many of the young who desire a quick and easy road to such rewards; but those who utter the warning must not be regarded as the enemies of the young or apostles of reaction; and there could be hardly any friend more useful, more likely to help the young to a real appreciation and knowledge of literature, than one who should say, 'Give a certain portion of your days and nights to the study of the *Ars Poetica* in these poems of Austin Dobson. Do this one thing thoroughly, and with only a little readiness to learn, and you will then be at least better qualified to express your own opinions.'

But this part of the work is primarily critical; and the essential poetry of Austin Dobson is usually to be found in the kind which I have indicated earlier.

On more than one occasion, however, the kinds were united, as when he filled an old French form with his own human pity and made one of his most perfect poems, a lyric touched with the light and consecration to which he laid no claim. It is time that criticism should claim it for him in such work as this: —

In Angel-court the sunless air
  Grows faint and sick; to left and right
  The cowering houses shrink from sight
Huddled and hopeless, eyeless, bare.
Misnamed, you say? For surely rare
  Must be the angel-shapes that light
    In Angel-court.

Nay! the Eternities are there.
  Death at the doorway stands to smite;
  Life in its garrets leaps to flight;
And Love has climbed the crumbling stair
    In Angel-court.

In the last five lines there are beauty, power of imagination, and high poetry; and, in themselves, they would justify an affirmative answer to the question in the poem that ends his works — 'In After Days.'

This last poem has the diamond-like form that makes for permanence. It is rounded and delicate and whole as a single drop of dew that can yet reflect the depth and glory of the sky in its own small lucid mirror. No competent reader can help feeling the poignancy of its regret for something that our literature is in danger of losing. There were realms of literature, once, and there are still — though they are surrounded by a thousand enemies — in which it would seem small praise to say of a man that he kept his pen from defilement. But I cannot help remembering the question asked by a critic in a leading journal with regard to the dullest, dirtiest, and worst-written book that was ever printed and suppressed — 'If this is not high art, what is?'

What is? It would be easy to give a more imposing answer; but it would be quite enough to point to the brief leave-taking of Austin Dobson and say, to begin with, and for the reasons I have given above, this: —

In after days, when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
  Though ill or well the world adjust
  My slender claim to honored dust,
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
  I shall be mute, as all men must
    In after days.

But yet, now living, fain would I
That someone then should testify,
  Saying, 'He held his pen in trust
  To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
Will none? Then let my memory die
    In after days!

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE FIRST ONE

BY ELIZABETH SHANE

[*By Bog and Sea in Donegal*]

'Och!' sez he, 'but he 's fine an' long!
  Hould him up till I see the len'th of him.
Look at the legs of him, stout and strong!
  Where is his fist till I feel the stren'th of him.'
'*Whisht, man, whisht!*' *sez she, with a scotherin' song.*

'Watch,' sez he, 'an' his eyes 'll peep:
  Och, but ye 'd laugh to see the blue o' them.
Look at his hair like a wee black sheep,
  Curls enough on his head for two o' them.'
'*Whisht, man, whisht!*' *sez she,* '*an' the child asleep.*'

'He 'll come fishin' the bay wi' me;
  He 'll ketch more thin ever was known in it:
Maybe I 'll build a wee boat,' sez he,
  'Just *that* long an' he 'll sail his lone in it.'
'*Whisht, man, whisht,*' *sez she,* '*sure he 's far too wee.*'

'Where will he travel whin he is grown?'
  'Whisht,' sez she, 'till I hap the shawl on him:
Man, ye 're talkin' o' things unknown;
  Turn the light for fear it 'ud fall on him —
S-s-sh! God help him,' *sez she,* '*sure he 's just my own.*'

THE SPANISH DANCER

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Life and Letters*]

She moves, a wave upon the sea,
  Her fingers are the running foam;
Her body is a shaken tree,
  That holds a rifled honeycomb.

The merry wind runs laughing through
  The shaken tree, the silken shawl;
Her feet are little doves that woo
  Beneath the boughs, and flit, and fall.

Her tresses are a gusty spray
  That tumbles on the marble sill
That is her brow. But, look and pray!
  She is a shrine now she is still.

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ANGLO-SAXON CLUBS AND LATIN CAFÉS

THE Belgian poet Émile Cammaerts calls attention to the fact that café life as it is known on the Continent simply cannot be acclimated in England and America, while the Continental does not take kindly to the club — the word is not used here in the Fascist sense. Everyone can think of numerous exceptions to the rule, such as the famous Jockey Club in Paris, or can show instances where cafés have become the haunts of literary or political sets in both England and America, but in spite of the exceptions there is no denying the general application of the rule laid down by M. Cammaerts.

He points out that in what — for want of an adjective — may be described as 'the club countries' a fair equivalent of the café did exist a couple of hundred years ago in the old English coffeehouse as Addison and Steele knew it. If we go a little further back in English history, we find Shakespeare and rare Ben holding their wit combats in the Mermaid, which was itself a fair anticipation of the cafés that form a characteristic part of life the length and breadth of Europe. But the coffeehouse, except for isolated specimens, vanished with the eighteenth century, the English inn seldom survived the stagecoach, and, while the café held its own on the Continent, the club as an institution rose in England and America to fill a part in life that is roughly somewhat similar and yet actually very different.

'The reason for this contrast is rather difficult to find,' says M. Cammaerts.

It may be due to the fact that Continental nations have acquired the habit of living more in the street, where one may observe people absorbed in deep conversation, in spite of wind and rain; thus they do not feel the need of a meeting-place outside the home.

It may be due also to a certain prejudice against a self-appointed management, and, let me whisper it, against the quality of the cooking which such a management may provide to the members.

But the real reason for the small influence exerted by club life abroad must be sought elsewhere.

The only clubs which played a prominent part in French life were, perhaps, the political clubs at the time of the French Revolution, such as Les Jacobins and Les Feuillants, and the French Revolution killed club life as efficiently as it killed all manifestations of aristocratic life. Though it did not suppress differences of class, fortune, and education, it created a certain tradition according to which, in times of stress, politics are carried on in the streets and may even degenerate into riots.

Home life is as exclusive on the Continent as it is here, perhaps even more so; but when the Frenchman or the Belgian goes out he rather enjoys mixing with the crowd, watching people pass, and scraping up unexpected acquaintances.

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GENIUS BEFORE THE TYPEWRITER

CONCLUSIONS startling to those guileless souls who have always imagined that a thoroughly bad handwriting is the surest mark of supreme genius are reached by a writer in the London *Sunday Times*, who veils his identity beneath the pseudonym of 'Collector.' After examining the display cases in the manuscript room of the British Museum and going through his own collection of autographs by famous hands, he avers roundly that

from 1700 onward, leaving out living persons, the heads of no profession have such a record for perfect calligraphy as the literary profession. Of living writers of fame, the great majority have a decent 'hand of

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write.' There are one or two famous and lamentable exceptions, and one or two who love to deal with proof-sheets as with a jig-saw puzzle; but, on the whole, the standard remains high in the profession.

I choose to think that this fact entitles one to draw conclusions — for example, that the best literature flows from brains that are ordered and unhurried. It is surely fair to assume that a man who writes down a thought, of which he approves, in words which he has arranged to his satisfaction, is more likely to cross his t's and dot his i's, and less likely to slur his 'ing's' and abbreviate his terminations, than one who dashes off a sudden inspiration in the first words that come to hand, just to see how it looks, just to rid himself of the burden of parturition.

George Eliot, Maria Edgeworth, and Gladstone are among the famous folk whose handwriting 'Collector' uses to prove his point. George Eliot's he describes as very neat and clear, and by no means unfeminine, while Mr. Gladstone's is 'well-spaced and neat, though a little sloppy in old age.' Scott, Henry James, Byron, William Pitt, Hume, and Tom Moore are among his second best, though he characterizes Hume as 'a neat spider.' Trollope writes a legible but ugly hand, while Jowett, the famous master of Balliol, is neat and clear. Disraeli is the only literary man who seriously lowers the calligraphic standards of his tribe, and — though it does not occur to 'Collector' to point out an obvious fact — there are a good many who would question whether this particular Prime Minister of England need be classed as a literary man at all.

'Collector' might have carried his conclusions still further, for among the literary lights of the day three at least — Wells, Shaw, and Chesterton — write hands which are perfectly legible though not all remarkable for beauty. Still, what does it matter in the day of the typewriter.

A CONCERT OF ULTRAMODERN MUSIC

'THERE was some apprehension,' says *La Tribuna* of Rome, 'that the concert of ultramodern music organized here by Signor Casella would become a pitched battle instead of a musical performance. Quite unexpectedly, everything went smoothly. No protests and even some manifestations of approval!

'True, the public was not the one that usually fills concert halls. The Sala Sgambati housed yesterday an assembly of superintellectuals determined to swallow unflinchingly any kind of mixture provided it had a modern flavor. There was an abundance of such mixtures to satisfy these famished. The concert had been organized under the auspices of Debussy, whose *Sonata per violoncello e pianoforte*, one of his latest works, was performed by Signori Cassado and Casella. Then followed the Pole, Karol Szymanovski, the author of three poems for violin and pianoforte entitled *Mythes*, interesting by their multiplicity of shadings. There is no melodic originality whatsoever in them. When something like a melody emerged from the thick woods of harmony it was invariably a woeful cry, a mutilated inheritance of Claude Debussy. The *Mythes* tell of Arethusa, Narcissus, and Pan, but they do it in an extremely artificial language.

'Casella, in his *Tre canzoni trecentesche*, seems to have abandoned for the first time his determination to be a disciple of Stravinskii. He does not disdain melody any longer and appears to be willing to approach the spirit of his native Italy. There was a sonata by Arthur Honegger, the French composer who belongs to "the group of the seven." The sonata had no success. The concert was concluded by a quintette of the American, Leo Sowerby, which excited considerable approval.'

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LONG-LIVED MONKS

THE British Ministry of Health has recently waked up to the fact that monks in the monasteries still scattered here and there through Great Britain are exceptionally long-lived, and has been investigating the monastic rule of life to find out why. Doctor S. Monckton Copeman, who has visited a number of monasteries, is preparing a confidential report which is not so confidential but that some of his main conclusions have leaked out.

The doctor appears unable to decide whether to assign the longevity of British monks to their diet, to their work, to the peaceful character of their lives, or to their isolation. He is quoted as follows by the London *Universe*, a Roman Catholic weekly: 'Most of the monasteries I visited were enclosed communities that have very little contact with the outside population. Their only contact with the world is when they take a walk together about once a week. As they do not enter stuffy trains and crowded halls, they are naturally little subjected to the everyday infectious diseases, like influenza.'

The London *Daily News* was sufficiently interested in the discovery to send a reporter to the Carthusian monastery at Cowfold, the only provincial house of the famous Grande Chartreuse in the British Isles. Here he found a hale old man of eighty acting as porter, and another of about the same age busy with a wheelbarrow. There were many monks over seventy who were regarded by their brethren as belonging more or less to the wild young people one reads about in the magazines. Numerous diseases — such as cancer, consumption, or influenza — were almost unknown, both among the living monks and on the death records of the monastery.

'Abstemiousness, regularity of life, absence of worry,' is the prior's explanation.

FUNDAMENTALISM IN YUGOSLAVIA

DOCTOR BRANA PETRONIEVIC, one of the foremost professors of Belgrade University, has fallen afoul of Yugoslav fundamentalists over a question not altogether unfamiliar in countries far removed from Yugoslavia. For several months members of the University faculty have been giving daily popular lectures, and the unhappy Doctor Petronievic was so indiscreet as to discuss the origin of man. As he is very popular with his students and well known to the public, his lectures drew a great crowd.

All went well so long as the Yugoslav scientist confined himself to outlining various anthropological theories now discarded. The trouble came when he began to discuss modern scientific theories. A religious organization for young men promptly attacked the anthropologist for propagating immorality. The Women's Christian Movement supported its brothers. Since then the League of Priests has made an official appeal to the Ministry of Religion and Education to put a stop to lectures which tend to lower moral standards.

The whole outburst is the more puzzling because Professor Petronievic has always been rather conservative in religious matters and is said to have joined in the protest against the modernist movement among some of the younger priests who wish to cut their hair and trim their beards in defiance of canon law.

AN ONSLAUGHT ON RADIO

ARTHUR RANSOME, the well-known correspondent, voices a protest against radio in the *Manchester Guardian:* —

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During the last twenty years we have seen how much can be done by newspapers alone in regimenting a country's brains. This new instrument will be infinitely more effective. The jostle of rivals who at least to some extent counteract each other is replaced by a monopoly. We are told that this monopoly will not be used for propaganda. That is impossible. It cannot but propagate the taste, the attitude of mind, of the choosers of the programme. Even if the propaganda is unconscious, it will not for that be the less successful. And in a time of stress does anyone for a moment imagine that anyone will not capture it who can? Propaganda is not necessarily a blunt, noisy tool that anyone can detect the moment it is brought into use.

Unlike most people who criticize the inventions of this mechanical age, Mr. Ransome has a remedy. The chief fault of the radio is that the listener cannot make himself heard.

The essence of the thing is its one-sidedness. You cannot answer back. The band may play out of tune. You hiss in private impotence. He may be doing his best, but there is no need to ask you not to shoot at the pianist. You would only damage your own furniture. The case is worst with speeches. The speaker may use arguments the hollowness of which could be exposed by a single word. You cannot say that word.

The remedy is simple and delightfully cruel. For pure brutality it will unquestionably appeal to anyone who has ever suffered from the radio in the next apartment.

I suggest a button to be pressed which should release a small electric current acting through a minute receiving apparatus attached, according to law, to a tender part of the performer and inflicting a small, an infinitesimal electric shock. If, when listening-in, I should be moved to criticism I should press that button. It would relieve my feeling, but if I were in a minority of one, the shock would be scarcely perceptible. If only a few of the listeners were to press their buttons the performer would feel a slight tickling stimulus, which would put him on his mettle, like the knowledge that a few dissidents are gathered somewhere in the audience. If more, then perhaps the listeners would hear the voice of the performer quiver, break — even a slight squeak would be a proof that he was feeling the cumulative shock of many sparks of criticism.

And the current might be scientifically adjusted so that in the event of all the listeners, all 'Great Britain,' pressing their buttons and keeping them pressed in a unanimous passion of disgust the total current released would produce such a shock as to ensure that in this world at least that performer would not be heard again. The mere knowledge that they faced the risk of final sparking off the stage would, I suggest, make inferior performers hesitate.

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A GREEK PROFESSOR FLAYS THE ADVERTISING MAN

MR. GILBERT NORWOOD — better known as a Greek scholar than as an authority on publicity — has detached himself from his aorists long enough to discover that he does n't in the least like modern methods of advertising in Great Britain. He explains himself at some length and with much ferocity in the last number of the *English Review*, closing his philippic with this diatribe against one of the more blatant of the success-without-toil schemes: —

The man with a chin points out at you from the page vociferating: 'Ambassadors make big money. Why should *you* not be one of them? Learn Diplomacy by correspondence. Send no money. Write to-day for free booklet showing how to become an ambassador in your spare time.' Well, the number of European States has increased, is increasing, and ought to provide more careers for 'the kiddies,' but there would need to be as many embassies as public houses if all readers accepted the free offer, which may not be repeated. But they don't; not they. The advertiser has become muscle-bound through too much efficiency.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Chinese Confessions of C. W. Mason, by C. W. Mason. London: Grant Richards, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Leonard Woolf in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Though I cannot give Mason the honor of a place on my shelf reserved for the great confessors, he has written a very entertaining book. It is also, as Mr. Grant Richards says, an unusual book. This is the outline of Mason's story: In 1887, at the age of twenty, he joined the Chinese Customs Service, then under the rule of the famous Sir Robert Hart. Four years later he seemed assured of a brilliant career, for he had already been marked down by his superiors as one of the most promising young men in the service. He had, however, become a member of a secret society of Chinese revolutionaries, and in 1891 he suddenly resigned from the service in order to start a revolution. His first enterprise was to import a cargo of arms from Hongkong to Chinkiang, but he got no farther than Shanghai, where his contraband was seized and he himself was arrested, tried, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Mason's confessions cover a certain amount of rather sordid vice and murder besides the lying and treachery which his double-dealing necessarily involved. Where he confines himself to a straightforward statement of facts or to character sketches of the people with whom he came in contact, he is extremely entertaining. In the early chapters there is a vivid picture of the life of the small English community at Chinkiang, with its curious mixture of boredom and vice, and there are some admirable sketches of characters — those eccentric characters which seem so often to develop in Europeans who, when they first passed east of Suez, appeared to be quite ordinary, humdrum persons.

As I read about Kopsch and Rickman and Ready, I said to myself: 'This is not a novel, but a "human document," a confession; if so, these must be real people who had real names.' Being of a suspicious nature, despite Mr. Grant Richards's assurance, I confess to have been still troubled about truth. A little truth mixed in fiction may do no harm to a novel, but a little fiction mixed into the facts of a confession may be fatal. However, I was greatly reassured by finding that Mason in two completely unimportant details — in which I happened to be able to check him — was sticking closely to facts. The people whom he describes are real people, and, in two instances at any rate, he gives them their real names.

Periods of Polish Literary History and **Modern Polish Literature**, by Roman Dyboski. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 6*s.* each.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Probably of all the more important literatures of Europe the one least known to English people is the Polish. Professor Dyboski, professor of English literature in the University of Cracow, now enables us to survey the whole subject in his two excellent handbooks, *Periods of Polish Literary History* and *Modern Polish Literature*, the substance of his lectures lately delivered in Oxford and London. In his preface to the former, Professor Dyboski confesses his debt to Brückner's *Outline of Polish Literary History*, a work which should long before this have appeared in English dress, and he states courteously that, with the great model of W. J. Courthope's *History of English Poetry* before his eyes, he has tried to connect Polish literature, at each stage of its historical course, with the political and social history of the nation. In this he has succeeded admirably, and in his first two lectures — on 'Renascence and Reformation' and 'Polish Literature in a Century of Wars' — he presents a succinct but searching summary of Polish national characteristics and social culture in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

One sighs, in passing, for some modern renderings of Pasek's 'Diaries'; he was the Polish Pepys, and we gather that he was fully as frank but by no means so truthful as his English contemporary. The signs of growing weakness and political decay in Poland, already apparent in the seventeenth century, were reflected in the early eighteenth-century literature, which, says Professor Dyboski, 'reaching its lowest depth in style and matter, faithfully reflects the rottenness of society.' So we pass on to the sudden resurrection of Polish patriotism and Polish genius, which culminated in the Constitution of May 3, 1791, four years before the final dismemberment of the Polish State, and thence to the 'Evolution of Polish Romanticism,' on Byronic models, in the darkest days of the nation's sufferings.

The second volume, on *Modern Polish Literature*, is divided into three sections, devoted respectively to the novel, the drama, and lyrical poetry. The subject cannot be pursued here for lack of space, but English publishers may be given a hint that there exist modern nuggets profitable to lift from the Polish literary goldmine.

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W. H. Hudson: A Portrait, by Morley Roberts. London: Eveleigh Nash and Grayson; New York: Dutton, 1924.

[Osbert Burdett in the *Outlook*]

With unusual slowness, even for one so indifferent to fame, W. H. Hudson has come into his own; and everyone is curious about the life of a man of whom the world, during his eighty-one years' existence, knew so little. Mr. Morley Roberts, who was intimate with Hudson for thirty years and more, disclaims biography and proposes to give no more than literary shape to his treasured and continuous memories. The result is a book, I think, that Hudson would have liked, — if it had been about any other person, — because a favorite method of his own was to 'seem to have no plan' in what he wrote. A biography, indeed, seems to be ruled out because Hudson was extremely secretive. He loved to talk of his own ideas, his observations, his interests, books new and old; but he was never intimate about himself. The personal element in his past was distasteful to him. He had suffered much, and endured incredible neglect for many years, and from all memories of suffering he turned away, living, like the animal he was and liked mankind to be, in the abundant present. Consequently, beyond a few dates at the beginning of the book, there is little sequence. We are invited to listen to a personal impression by a friend who deems his subject to have been a very great man and an immortal writer. That is all, and it is ample.

Cœur pensif ne sait où il va, by Paul Bourget. Paris: Librairie Plon; 1924.

[*La Revue Mondiale*]

M. Paul Bourget gives us a new novel. The temporary leveling of class distinctions during the war and the mishaps and tragedies that resulted from this leveling and its ephemeral confusion — these form the kernel of his book.

Lieutenant Bernard Montcour, the son of a bookbinder who belongs to the working class, finds himself in hospital during the war at the Château de Tremmelay, which has been converted for the purpose. It is here that Irène Servières, young and rich, the sister-in-law of the chatelaine, falls in love with the hero, who has been wounded in the leg during a double attack and who endures an operation without anæsthetic. Bernard himself falls in love with the young widow, but their love is impossible in every way because of the social abysses that separate them. The whole world sets itself furiously to show the lovers this truth, the aristocratic Madame Arnaudi, Irène's sister-in-law, taking as large a share in it as the anarchist Ficati, the friend of Bernard. A misunderstanding, an unjust accusation which Bernard is unwilling to refute, in the end breaks the links between the lovers, and Bernard sets off for America.

This book, in which profound and subtle pages abound, as they do in all M. Bourget's novels, nevertheless seems to me a trifle weak, not in its conception but in its execution. M. Bourget, who opposes the leveling-off of classes, approves of those characters who oppose themselves to the marriage of the two lovers. We understand that, because it is the consequence of his doctrines; but we do not understand how Bernard — who is so heroic, so strong, and so noble in his thought and feeling — or how Irène — who is fundamentally so fine — fails to step over these wretched hindrances and the calumnies which bar their path. It seems as though a single breath of true love would be enough to explain the misunderstanding and sweep aside all the poor figments of convention and of social hypocrisy.

At any rate M. Bourget in supporting his ideas does not this time lead us to approve or embrace them, and we end by being a little revolted as we read his book, full though it is of passion and of life, especially in its first chapters.

By Bog and Sea in Donegal, by Elizabeth Shane. London: Selwyn and Blount, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[Katharine Tynan in the *Bookman*]

By Bog and Sea in Donegal is a boon, because it re-creates for those Irish who are for the time being out of conceit with Ireland the old love and the undying charm that will surely survive these dolorous days. Miss Elizabeth Shane is, one gathers, of the Irish whose dreams have been shattered, but she, wiser than others, looks forward with hope and faith, beyond the bloodiness and the loss of ideals that have befallen a section of Ireland as the rest of the world. Ireland is full of innocent and lovely people still who had nothing to do with the violent Revolution, but have only suffered from it. Miss Shane has a beautiful vocabulary and a lilting and dancing music. Only quiet people in Ireland have been listening to poetry of late, but for them and for others I give assurance of a new singer.

[A poem from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

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NEW TRANSLATIONS

Bordeaux, Henri. *The Gardens of Omar.* New York, Dutton, 1924.

Le Corbeau, Adrien. *The Forest Giant.* Translated from the French by J. H. Ross. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 6*s.*

Lermontov, M. Y. *A Hero of Our Time.* Translated from the Russian. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. $1.25.

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Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging igns of the times.

The *Living Age*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the llowing list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove seful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of he investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the investnent Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most kely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may ggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *iving Age* readers.

"Bonds and How to Buy Them," an interesting booklet numerating the important features in securities with which nvestors should be familiar. Offered by Otis & Co., 216 uperior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

"How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," giving the xperience of a prominent mortgage house. Offered by Adair Realty & Trust Company, 271 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga.

"Common Sense in Investing Money," a booklet conining a statement concerning real estate mortgage bonds, of terest to investors. Offered by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth ve., New York City.

"Monthly Investment Plan," financial independence hrough the purchase of high-grade securities on a ten-payment lan. An interesting and attractive booklet. Offered by H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

"Choosing Your Investment Banker," a worth-while ooklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to look for n their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 09 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Systematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses ie partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. ffered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle nd Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

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